TRUELY YOURS

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Abominable Snowmannerisms

That wasn't the Abominable Snowman sighted in the wilds of California, that was Ernest Hemingway.

—Joe Orr
Morton, Wash.

Fetch poor "Bigfoot" out to this turpentined rat-race? (*The Strange Story of America's Abominable Snowman*, December 1959 TRUE.) Hell, no! Let the poor devil stay in his primitive state of happiness.

—Edward R. Bryant
Princeton, Ill.

There's no need to worry about the what's going to be done in the case of America's Abominable Snowman. Now that you've written him up, the Bureau of Internal Revenue ill immediately track him down for failing , file his tax return.

—Don A. Grotemat
Grand Rapids, Mich.

When grandfather told us these stories, we didn't believe him at all. Now, after reading your article, it turns out he wasn't as big a liar as we youngsters thought he was

—John M. Weekes
Providence, R. I.

There is a "Despicable Iceman" roaming the mountains of western Montana, and I myself observed him last week. As I approached our snowed-in logging camp, the Iceman suddenly appeared beside our D-8 bulldozer. He gave the 'dozer a tremendous kick sending it end-over-end down the mountainside. He then flipped our log bunkhouse over on its roof and grabbed my fifth of Four-Star Hennessy, a calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe, and MY COPY OF TRUE. He stowed these treasures in his despicable pouch and disappeared.

—Hugh H. Magone
Superior, Mont.

Hell, Hugh, that ain't a "Despicable Iceman," that's a "Discriminating Iceman."

The Abominable Snow Job of Humboldt County insulted the intelligence of your readers. I've read TRUE since it was first published, but you ought to have your editorial heads examined for printing this. No, Mr. Editor, there are no supermen 15 feet tall running around the wilds tossing 50-gallon drums, and 250-pound tires up and down lonely ravines.

One character in the story used a shovel to fill a crock with the superman's residue. What a crock!

—Alexander Forbes
Renton, Wash.

My grandfather prospected for gold in the ghteen fifties throughout the region described as being the home of the Snowman. Upon grandfather's return to the East, he told stories of seeing hairy giants in the icinity of Mount Shasta. These monsters had long arms, but short legs. One of them picked up a 20-foot section of sluiceway and smashed it to bits against a tree.

Human Time Bombardier

Greatly enjoyed *The Human Time Bomb* of the December issue since I was the nurse, J. M. Buchan, mentioned in the article. I thought I'd impress my 9-year-old son with this account of the unusual operation on the hospital ship off Okinawa, but all he said was, "That picture sure doesn't look like you." (Fifteen years do make changes.)

The patient, Al Stevens, was very fortunate in having Commander Sheehan as his surgeon. All of us in surgery had the utmost confidence in him.

—Mrs. Juanita Downing
Jacksonville, N. C.

Wicked, Wicked, Wayfarer

Dr. Kinsey's famous book should have been dedicated to Errol Flynn. Thanks for giving us the uncensored autobiography in the January and February issues. The errant Errol certainly didn't waste his time sleeping after he went to bed at night. He made a lot of friends, and a lot of foes; and his life made the most interesting and stimulating reading I've had for years.

- George L. Randahl
Cleveland, Ohio

Emancipation For G.I. Slaves

Let's Free Our G.I. Slaves was wonderful and every bit of it true. Hurray for Congressman Kowalski! As an N.C.O. I've experienced much of what he talks about. But the duty that burned me worst of all was having to dig a latrine for a dog show. That's right, and it took a 15-man detail.

—Sergeant's name withheld at his request
Camp Casey, Korea

Was that a ditch digging or tree planting detail? Just proves, there's no business like show business.

Since basic training we have spent two-thirds of our time on such worthless tasks as Congressman Kowalski describes in his article. We men of "D" Battery, 8th Artillery commend you for printing this factual, revealing account.

—(Signatures of 16 privates and privates, first class)
Schofield Barracks, Hawaii

If Congressman Kowalski is endeavoring to demoralize and throw confusion into the Armed Services, and at the same time gain some cheap publicity for himself, he has certainly found the right way to do it. Personally, I think his article is tragic for it must delight the Russians to see something like this—for it plays right into their hands.

—Lt. Cmdr. Milton K. Orr, USNR
Greenwich, Conn.

The commander demonstrates a favorite dodge used by "The Brass": any criticism of the military—justified or not—supposedly plays into the hands of the Russians.

[*Continued on page 8*]

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THE ABOMINABLE SNOW JOB

Is the famous Abominable Snowman nothing but a Tibetan bogieman? Read this—and decide for yourself!

BY MICHEL PEISSEL

Let's get it straight from the start. I'm no Frank Buck. The last thing I wanted to do when I arrived in Katmandu, Nepal, last summer and asked permission to visit the land of the Sherpas on the slopes of Mount Everest was to find the Abominable Snowman and bring him back alive—or even dead, for that matter.

And the furthest thing from my mind was to do any debunking of the Snowman legend. Yet, without undue effort, it wasn't long before my companion and I came upon the truth. The Snowman is a hoax. There's no such thing as a Yeti, except in the minds of a few simple peasants. The whole thing is a myth, a racket for tourists—like a local werewolf in the Black Forest or a haunted English castle. And we have plenty of proof to back it up.

I had just finished a tough year at the Harvard Business School. My friend Alain Thioller was an anthropologist, and our prime aim was a long vacation of study and adventure. We chose Nepal because we both spoke Tibetan and, as a scientist, Alain wanted to study Sherpa culture. As a fledgling explorer—I had already led an expedition into the jungles of Yucatan and found fresh Mayan ruins—my objective was to make the first trek across the roof of the world in the summer monsoon season.

It rains an average of 430 inches in this country during the summer. That's nearly twelve yards, always a good enough reason for Everest expeditions to cross the ninety tortuous miles from Katmandu to the mountain in the winter. It's easier to tramp through ice and snow under a clear blue sky than to slog and slide through mud and rain. And there are (*Continued on page* 82)

Author observed that Himalayan guides wrapped worn footgear in rags to guard against cold.

Alleged Abominable Snowman scalp is proudly displayed by monks. Its real origin puzzled authors at first. Author

British newspaper published photo of footprint above, touted it as real Yeti track. But author found it greatly resembled track of foot at left. UPI

Author

"No," she said. She hesitated. "But that's not why I've come out."

"Why have you?"

"Because I want to apologize to you. And thank you."

McLaren didn't answer directly. Instead he said, "You're Harold Courtney's daughter." His voice was surprisingly gentle.

"Yes."

"And that's why you didn't seem to like me much. Because I was running him in?"

"Yes."

"Why were you on the plane?"

"Because I wanted to be near him. I thought perhaps it would help him."

"But why all the secrecy?"

"Because I thought that if anyone knew—if you knew—who I was, I wouldn't be allowed to make the flight."

"I see." McLaren fished in his pocket. "Cigarette?"

"Thank you."

He had been smoking as economically as he could. He had just two left. He gave her one and took the other himself.

She asked McLaren, "How did you know who I was?"

"Because you're very like him. And because of your farewell to him." He drew on his cigarette. "Stevens is your married name, of course?"

"Yes."

"But in the files, your first name is Mary."

"Mary Carla. Carla after my mother. She was Brazilian."

"I didn't know. I only knew that Hewlitt called you Carla."

"He preferred it. He thought it was more glamorous, more exotic."

McLaren noticed how her voice had suddenly changed. Now, when she spoke of Hewlitt, her tone was frigid, scornful.

He said, "You went up to the plantation to stay with your father because your marriage had gone wrong?"

"Yes."

"And Hewlitt? Was he the reason?"

She hesitated. Then, "Yes," she said.

"He looked like he might become husband number two?"

She took a deep breath. "Yes," she said. "God help me."

"And now?"

"Now? Not if he was the last man in the world."

McLaren took her arm and turned her toward the plane.

"We'd better get back," he said quietly. "And don't worry. Suddenly, somehow, I feel sure help will come."

And what he said was true. He had an inexplicable but overwhelming conviction that succor was at hand.

The 'copter came early next morning, whirling down into the clearing almost before the castaways could be sure it wasn't an illusion.

It landed in the middle of the clearing. The door opened and Harold Courtney got out. He was grinning. His daughter ran to him and flung herself into his arms.

McLaren went to him. "Good work," he said. "But we've got no time to waste."

"Mrs. Peters?" Courtney said.

"Yes."

The pilot got out. He was a big young Australian. He hauled a sack of emergency rations out after him and dumped it on the grass.

"It'll have to be two trips," he said crisply. "I can take the stretcher case and three this time; the rest the next."

By this time, the others, except for the injured woman, had come crowding round. Hewlitt was well to the fore. He could hardly keep his eyes off the 'copter.

McLaren and the pilot lifted Mrs. Peters into the machine and made her as comfortable as possible. Her husband got in with her.

"All right," the pilot said. "Two more."

Carla Stevens looked at Hewlitt. Her lip curled. She said, "I think you'd better go—in case it doesn't come back."

Hewlitt licked his lips. Then he almost ran to the machine.

"For God's sake!" the pilot said. "What's his priority?" He looked at Carla. "What about you?"

Carla Stevens turned to McLaren. She said, "You're staying, I suppose?"

McLaren nodded. "I'd better see this thing through now."

"Then I want to stay, too."

McLaren nodded and turned to the pilot. "You'll be able to find us again without Courtney?"

"Sure. I mapped the course."

"Then you'd better take Muller. He's not in very good shape."

And five minutes later, the helicopter took off.

The four left behind sat in the shade. They were safe. They had food and drink. It was only a matter of waiting now.

They ate and drank, and then Schmidt went off to sleep. The other three were left together.

McLaren turned to Courtney. "You had a tough time getting through?" It was the first reference he had made to it.

Courtney shook his head. "Not as tough as I feared."

There was a silence.

"Maybe what's ahead of you now will work out the same way," McLaren said after a pause.

"Maybe," Courtney said levelly. "Anyway, I'm ready now to take what's coming to me—thanks to you."

He looked at McLaren. And McLaren saw in Harold Courtney a man whose self-respect and sense of responsibility had been restored because of the trust that had been placed in him.

Carla Stevens reached out and took her father's hand.

She said, "Whatever happens, I'll be thinking of you."

Courtney suddenly looked away. "And I shall be thinking of you—both." He turned back to McLaren. "If they put me away, keep an eye on her for me, will you?"

McLaren said soberly, "There's nothing I'd like better—if she'll let me."

He turned to the girl. Their eyes met.

She didn't say anything, but she didn't need to. The way she was looking at him was enough. • • •

THE ABOMINABLE SNOW JOB *Continued from page 32*

some thirty peaks, varying from 3,000 to 20,000 feet, that must be hurdled on the way to Namche Bazar, the famous village in the shadow of Everest and in the heart of the Sherpa's Khumbu district.

We figured we would have enough on our minds without worrying about the elusive Yeti. But not so the bureaucrats who work in the cow-dung daubed "palace of government" in Katmandu. Everyone, they feel, is after the Abominable Snowman, and if they're not, they ought to be.

The simple explanation for this attitude is that a special license has been drawn up just to cover the hunting of the abominable one. It limits the hunter to one Yeti and it costs $1,000.

I'm not suggesting this racket is condoned by the Nepalese Government. The keen-eyed little men who stamp the papers clearing travel to Everest and environs, years ago saw the big money involved in American and British expeditions and they have dreamed up this license as a "legal" way of raking in some more of the money.

Our expedition was conducted on a shoestring budget and I flatly refused to pay the $1,000. I couldn't care less about their damn snowman, and I told them so. It took some days for them to get the message, but they finally gave us permission to travel. First, however, we had to sign a document stating that we would not search for the Yeti and if, by some accident, we happened to stumble across him, we wouldn't look at him.

The Yeti nonsense is encouraged by some Katmandu officials, Sherpa guides, even a few of the Sherpa monks, because it's worth dollars. Maybe it sounds strange that such a cheap tourist trick is worked in remote Nepal, but that's the truth.

In fairness to the Sherpa race, I will say here that it is the extreme Oriental politeness of the people that has unwittingly helped the myth snowball to such an extent that giants like Sir Edmund Hillary have been persuaded to hunt for Yeti. It is not the way of the Sherpas to oppose the will of another man, least of all a visitor. They tell him only the things they think he wants to hear.

For instance, if a party of Englishmen comes, footsore and weary, into Namche Bazar and asks the natives if the Abominable Snowman is roaming the bleak ridges to the north, the natives will say yes. They will figure that those poor fellows have come all the way to their village to hunt the Yeti, and it would be rude and rather cruel to tell them that the Yeti is nothing but a fairy tale. Of course, if the same visitors pointed to the same bleak ridges and asked eagerly if that was the way to Paris, they would still get a yes.

The "whatever-you-say-sahib" attitude is compounded by the strange ways of the Westerner, at least in the eyes of Sherpas. They wouldn't dream of climbing Everest for sport or just "because it's there." But they let this mountaineering zest of Westerners pass with a shrug. It's when intelligent, clear-eyed white men come to Khumbu looking for the Abominable Snowman that the Sherpa really gives up.

Generations ago, Sherpa fathers told Sherpa children that the *mi-gro* would get them if they did not behave themselves.

Mi-gro simply means "bad man," or evil spirit. Over the years, more imaginative Sherpa fathers made *mi-gro* a half-human monster who lived in the snow and they sometimes called him by a long name that started with the four letters, "Yeti." In any case, the whole word roughly meant 'Abominable Snowman." And this is the thing Westerners have gone halfway around the world to hunt. It must be the classic wild-goose chase of all time.

But let's take my own experience step by step and you are absolutely free to draw your own conclusions.

We cancelled out the first clue to Yeti's existence even before we left New York. I was granted an interview with Tagestel Rimpoche, brother of the Dalai Lama, when he was visiting Manhattan and we discussed my coming trip. I had read somewhere that there was a genuine Yeti skin in Lhasa, and I mentioned this in conversation. The Tibetan elder was familiar with the report but insisted that it was complete nonsense.

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There was no more snowman talk until we checked into the Royal Hotel in Katmandu and Boris, the owner, grandly presented us with a hypodermic syringe. He called it a "snowman gun." He also gave us two phials of drugs with which to load it, one drug to put the snowman to sleep and one to bring it back to life. But in his explanation of how to use the weapon, he confessed that he had forgotten which drug was the stimulant and which the tranquilizer. Alain and I are not gamblers, and quick visions of what might happen if we used the wrong drug persuaded us to give Boris back his gun. From the twinkle in Boris' eye, I gather now that he thought we were a little scared of Yeti. At that stage, we were.

Our modest expedition hit the road, or rather the mud, to Namche Bazar in a July rainstorm. Apart from Alain, myself and a young liaison officer appointed to us by the government, there was Calay, a bow-legged cook, his helper, who had a tubercular cough, and seven little coolies. Later, after repeated complaints about their seventy-pound bundles, we had to add to the coolie strength. When the rain soaked into all our equipment and doubled the weight, we had to add more again. In fact, there was quite a string of us as we slogged up the red hills and scuttled across swaying bridges, high above the roaring rivers.

The mountains became higher and higher, 12,000 feet and then 14,000 feet and then higher again. Going up, we'd often have to stop and pant for breath. Coming down, it was a swift but painful slide by the seat of our pants. It was a hellish, hungry trek and by the time we staggered over the 14,000-foot pass that marks the entrance to Sherpa country and squelched into the village of Junbesi, we were ready to drop.

Like most other people whose knowledge of the Sherpas has been gleaned mostly from mountaineering books, we thought they were primitive and illiterate people. But at Junbesi, we found most of the families living in fine, big houses with adequately stocked libraries. Many of them were quite wealthy, even by American standards. It was soon obvious that the sure-footed porters to whom the Sherpas owe their world fame are the poorer class citizens of Solu Khumbu. (Solu is the low country; Khumbu the high.)

Our coolies quit in Junbesi, but we were lucky enough to get the services of a Sherpa family of six who were also heading toward Everest. Trailing these people up a high snow slope a few days later, we found the answer to another supposedly positive clue "proving" the Yeti existed.

Alain and I saw it together—a wide, five-toed footprint in the snow, at least twice the size of a human print. We recognized it immediately as the suspected footprint of the Abominable Snowman. It had been pictured on the front page of the London *Daily Mail*, which had sent an expedition to this country six years ago to hunt the Yeti. Ralph Izzard, the leader of that British party, had recounted that such tracks were seen more than thirty times, although he returned with only one actual photograph—of a footprint two days old.

But we forgot our skepticism when we saw the fresh track. There was another just ahead, then another. With our hearts beating wildly, we quickened our pace. Suddenly the tracks ended. We were looking at the foot of our Sherpa guide. It was shod in a regular Sherpa snowshoe that had worn thin with the years.

The Sherpanis (women Sherpas) make these shoes for their men by shaping a large, flat piece of leather into a sort of rectangular dish and then sewing the upper edges to a thick, felt sock. But it doesn't take long for the shoes to lose their shape and the leather to wear thin. The result is a large, roundish footprint, complete with five dents where the toes press through the leather. I compared these tracks to the *Daily Mail* photograph and, in my opinion, they were identical. Other Yeti hunters had given different descriptions of snowman tracks, but there wasn't one we could not explain after research in Solu Khumbu.

The snow leopard leaves an easily recognizable track, but if it happens that the snow melts after the leopard has passed, and then, maybe two days later, it freezes over again, the enlarged and misshapen print can look frightening.

Himalayan bears are rare in Khumbu, but we saw their tracks and they too are similar to those claimed for Yeti. Snowman believers argue that Yeti tracks show no claw marks, and bears have claws. We looked into this and found that on a soft, flat surface the bear-claw marks are merely small vertical holes. One snowflake could erase them.

On the way to Namche Bazar and beyond, we found the snowman myth exploding point by point. We did not plan to expose it for the nonsense it was, particularly since great explorers like Sir John Hunt and Sir Edmund Hillary had given it some credence. I think the reason here is that these men trekked the country in winter and they felt they could not properly investigate the conflicting stories about the snowman, because he was a hibernating fellow.

Hillary, for instance, found a swatch of coarse, brown hair wedged in a rock at an altitude of 18,000 feet. He was told that none of the Himalayan animals could venture that high, so it was a pretty fair supposition that this hair might have come from the hide of the Abominable

Snowman. During our summer in the district, we saw yaks grazing as high as this—and many yaks have coarse, brown hair.

A less reasonable clue to Yeti's existence was presented by another group of explorers, who claimed the snowman ate glacier rabbits. They had found the bones and fur of the rabbits in what they said was Yeti dung. It so happens that the Himalayan eagle is also fond of the little rabbits. He swallows them in one piece, then disgorges them in a mess of bones and fur and juices that makes quite a splatter on the high rock ledges.

It took us sixteen days to trudge from Katmandu to Namche Bazar, and although we arrived in very bedraggled condition, we were proud to have led the first expedition on a monsoonal crossing. Our initial goal was realized and we concentrated on anthropology, aiming to visit every Sherpa village in Khumbu. This district, at a mean altitude of 14,000 feet, lies just below the glaciers that come down from Everest, Amadablan and Cho Oyu.

Fortunately, we started our tour at the Monastery of Tongboche, where the head lama, delighted that we could speak his native language, gave us a friendly lecture on the Sherpa liking for pomp and ceremony. He told us that most Westerners were disliked because they were undignified enough to travel on foot instead of horseback and, in Sherpa opinion, they were badly dressed and ill-mannered.

We took the hint and from that point on, we always entered villages on horseback and waited to be announced. We gave ceremonious tea parties in our tents for the old and sage lamas, and even acquired a load of silk scarves to give as presents.

It was because of our sympathy for Sherpa customs and culture that the lamas told us flatly not to waste our time looking for a real-life Abominable Snowman. It was nothing but a legend, they said, and not a very good one at that. The lamas admitted that poor peasant families, illiterate and superstitious, believed an evil spirit haunted the high ridges of Khumbu, and their weird and wonderful stories had added weight to the snowman story. As we traveled up the narrow gorges to higher altitudes, we heard our share of stories about the fearful *mi-gro*.

Above their white shingle houses, peasants pointed to the lofty ridges where they believed the snowman roamed at night. They had planted small white pieces of cloth, Tibetan prayer flags, in the rocks to keep his evil influence away from their villages. When we asked about the night cry of the snowman, peasants cupped their hands around their mouths and let out chilling, wildcat screams. They held their hands a foot above their heads when we asked about his size, or else they held up two fingers about six inches apart.

Here was a twist. There was as much belief in the Sherpa highlands of a six-inch snowman as there was in a fellow the size of a basketball player. Apparently, the midget snowman was no less abominable because peasants believed he could sneak into houses unnoticed and do his killing.

Even among the peasants, who usually take their superstitions seriously, we found a crafty turn of mind when it came to the snowman. More than once, we heard the proposition: "Sahib, you take me along porter I show you Yeti. Big snowman."

We roamed all the mountains and valleys of Khumbu that summer and visited every Sherpa village, including the ones that are inhabited only during the monsoon season. But it's not that large an area, not much more than 2,000 square miles, and it is quite closely settled by the 10,000 Sherpas in the region. Yet we could not find a single Sherpa who claimed positively to have seen the Abominable Snowman.

The most blatant deception was perpetrated at Pangboche, the highest of the year-round Sherpa villages, only ten miles from Mount Everest itself. Before we were properly into the place, a small delegation of monks had surrounded us like Cairo street peddlers.

"Sahib, little money and we show scalp Yeti and hand Yeti," they chorused. Obviously, they had used this line before.

Alain and I decided to go along with the act and handed over ten rupees (about two dollars and a-half). We settled on the huge porch of the monastery while three monks, chanting prayers, carried forward a bright blue jewel case. Inside, we were shown the revolting remains of a human-looking hand. Pieces of bone poked through where the skin had rotted or been torn. Later, we found that a British expedition had had this hand sent to Europe for an examination that proved conclusively it was a human hand. It had been returned to the monks.

And then came the Yeti scalp, all wrapped up in pink Tibetan paper. It was conically shaped, about a foot high and was covered with coarse, reddish-brown hair. I checked it closely for stitching or any other sign that it was man-made, but the thickness of the scalp and grain of the leather indicated the contrary. The only thing about the scalp that indicated it was not human was the way the hair grew up from both sides and met at the top of the cone in a slight crest.

The monks really had an intriguing object in this scalp, and they knew it. They even let Alain pluck out a few hairs for further study. We puzzled over the scalp through the rest of our time in Khumbu and all the way back to Katmandu—a return trek we made when the monsoon was pretty well spent.

We composed a conundrum: What animal has a large, egg-shaped head covered with coarse, reddish-brown hair?

Of course, one answer was the Abominable Snowman, but we had proved he did not exist in real life. The presence of the mysterious scalp in a Sherpa monastery was not sufficient to cause us to change our minds.

Alain got the real answer by degrees. Maybe it wasn't a scalp, but some other egg-shaped part of an animal like the hump of a camel. But this wasn't large enough for a camel's hump and it was the wrong color. *Voila!* What about the hump of a Brahma bull?

In Benares, on the way back to New York, we went hunting Brahma bulls, and finally found three or four the exact color of the Yeti scalp. A man can't run around slaughtering bulls and cows in India because they are sacred, so we merely ambled up to the most peaceful of the bulls and poked away at his hump. We pinched the skin to gauge the thickness and studied the size of the hump. Both were identical to the so-called Yeti scalp. But the one feature that banished all doubt was the hair formation—growing unwards on both sides and joining in a crest at the top.

I am not saying that an Abominable Snowman does not exist somewhere in the world. Maybe there is one in the Yukon or the wilds of Washington State, but the much publicized Yeti that is supposed to roam the snow lands in the shadow of Everest is pure fable. Like the scalp in the Pangboche monastery, it's all bull. •

"I'll take it."

The Ultimate Hunt

BY IVAN SANDERSON

For years this explorer-scientist-author has been screening all kinds of Abominable Snowman reports. He believes that some such creature exists—perhaps even in the United States. It will take an extraordinary hunter to bring one in. Will it be you? Here is where to look and how to hunt

You might as well face up to it from the first. It is a question no one can help you answer. You, only you, must decide according to the dictates of your conscience.

You are hunting and have been for five weeks under the most impossible of conditions and in the wildest kind of impenetrable terrain. It might be a foreign land. It might be Canada. It might be California.

You see your quarry. It walks erect. You hear its call, an unmistakable low, whistling growl. Perhaps it is of giant size and attacks you. Then it is easy to shoot. If not, if the creature is small and shy, you must decide if it is a man—far more primitive than any known to exist, to be sure, but a man still. Or is it an animal . . . the ultimate game animal?

In either case the curiosity of millions and the hopes of thousands will rest on your decision. For it will not be enough to see and describe this creature. Many have done that. It will not be enough to bring back its footprints or its sign. Many have done that too. It will not be enough to photograph the creature, for the cry of "hoax" will nag you forever.

For you will have in your sights what men have chosen to know by the arresting, if inaccurate, name of Abominable Snowman. And only the creature itself will suffice to still the clamor of the people who insist that those who have seen it lie, that the tracks it left were faked, that the brave men who have trembled in its presence were fools.

Almost 30 years I have eagerly sought out every shred of evidence I could find about the Abominable Snowman. I have chased them personally in British Columbia and California. Close friends have seen them or been quite close to those who have. I have file cards on a fantastic amount of sightings. Both native and European-American sightings number in the hundreds. I have examined the question with zoologists, botanists, hunters, explorers, anthropologists, geographers and archeologists, and will say this:

I am a scientist. As such I know that 10,000 faked reports of something don't make that something real. Yet it is my conviction as a man that nothing wholly false or unreal could have sustained itself so stubbornly in the face of such cogent and veracious opposition as the reports of submen from literally dozens of areas all over the world. Something is there. The question is, what?

I'll tell you of the history and kinds of submen that have been seen. And I shall describe what people who saw them told me and what kind of people they were. And I shall even suggest to you where and how to find one yourself. But before that, I would like to tell you what science says we should expect to see and how the whole thing came about.

Evolutionary theory shows conclusively from fossil evidence that man and apes descended eons ago from a common stem. But this process was not a neat step-by-step progression. It was a cachophany of trial and error. On both sides of the man-ape separation different kinds of men and different kinds of apes evolved, lived and were wiped out. The giant apelike, but more man than ape, creatures of southern China and the dwarf apelike men of South Africa and the little apelike fellow that died 20 million years ago in what is now an Italian coal bed are examples. This profusion of chance accounts for the variety of men, from pigmies to 8½-foot giant fossil types that have been unearthed and the equally

Mrs. Chapman and her children ran down to the riverbank out of sight of the creature which then entered the Chapman home.

In Mongolia, one variety is said to engage in a primitive form of trading with the local herdsmen.

fascinating variety on the ape side.

Thus the question is posed: Are there *cul-de-sacs* of either branch, living by the chance of intelligence and environment, to be found hidden away in the recesses of this mighty globe? The odds are staggeringly against it. But most scientists, it would seem, are unaware of nature's casual efficiency at filling an inside straight.

Yet there is good evidence to indicate the possibility without drawing upon a single Snowman report. For over 100 years visitors to the 1,100-mile-long island of Sumatra have heard stories of little hairy human-formed animal-like creatures that lived deep within the dense tropic jungle that covers the island. Investigators starting with the civilized Malay people were directed to the so-called "wild" hill Batuk people. These are semitribalized hill folk closely studied because of their primitive ways. However, the Batuk, in turn, sent the harried investigators off to hunt for what the Batuk describe as *really* wild men, so primitive that they have no form of speech, no tools or fire, are covered with thick hair and travel through the treetops.

This sounds fanciful until we travel north to Malaya itself. There the local residents take a dim view of a forest folk called the Sakai who live a Stone Age existence in the deep forest. However, the Sakai, in turn, are scared stiff of the local Negritos called the Semang, of which there are only a few thousand left, who actually *do* take to the trees when alarmed and travel considerable distances swinging from branch to branch. Here, and in Africa and South America where similar situations exist, we can trace levels of humanity to the point where the distinction between man and the higher apes gets very blurred indeed. What lies beyond the known just-human have come to be called Abominable Snowmen. Whether these are submen, ape-men, men-apes or some form of super-ape is academic. The real question is whether they exist. How do we know? What's the proof? Who says so?

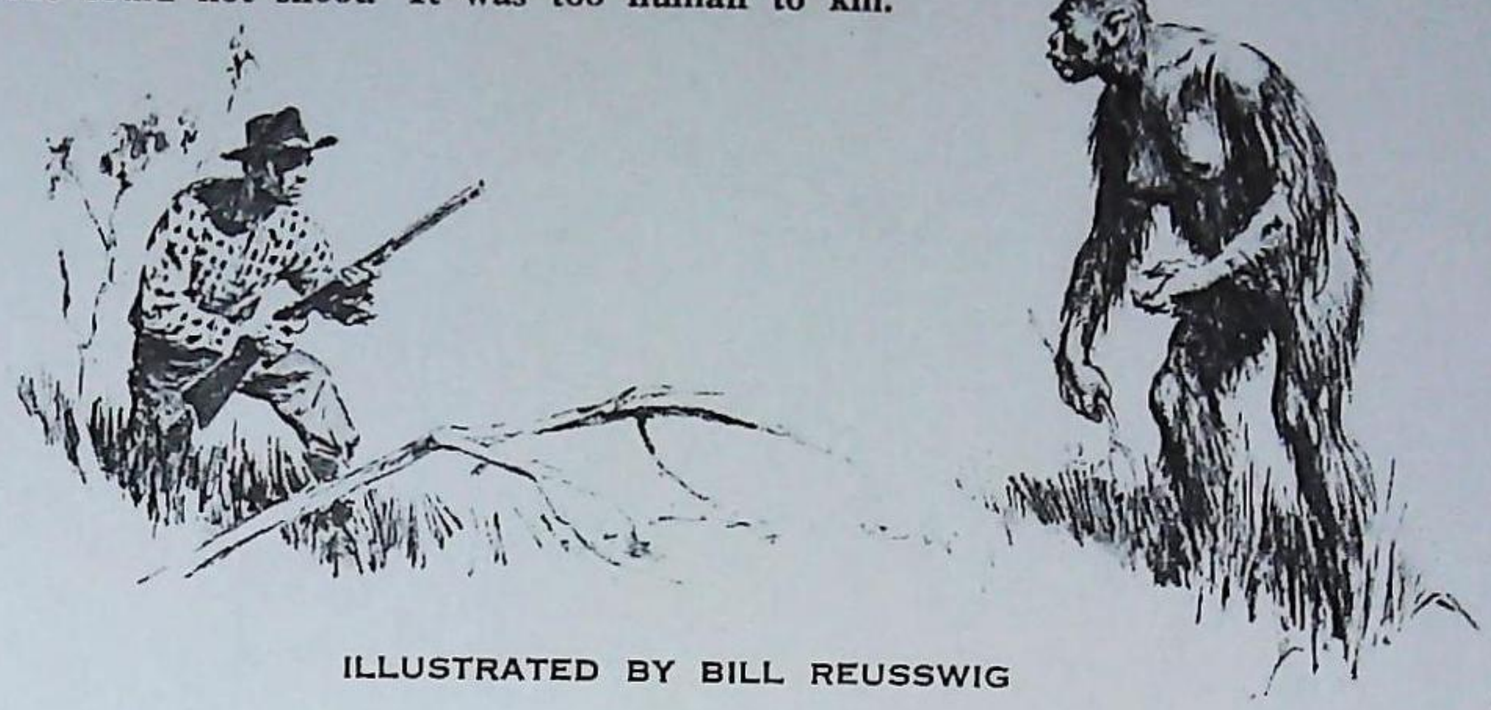
We have intriguing indications that three of them live in our own backyard. I will talk about them in detail because I have personally investigated two. Suffice it now to say evidence indicates the presence of huge, black, hairy humanoid giants in the forests of Quebec, in mountain areas in California and in the rain forest areas in British Columbia. These reports describe a creature so similar in size and habit that they seem to be the same species, once living widely throughout the western area, but now isolated and confined.

In Africa there are three areas where the presence of humanoids—either giants or pigmies—have been reported. These are northern Ghana, the Ituri Forest of the Congo and an area extending from Moçambique to Tanganyika. These reports vary considerably both in nature and in validity. The Congo and one of the Ghana creatures seem to be giant types; the Tanganyika and the others from Ghana are described by White Hunters as being the size of pigmies.

However, it is in the Himalayas, both on the Tibetan and Indian slopes penetrated by westerners and from Assam to the towering mass of the Pamirs in southern USSR, that the most precise classification of Snowmen appears. Here is the small four-foot *Yet-Teh* (or *Yeti*) of the forested valleys who is seemingly comparable to the Negrito creatures of Sumatra, for both stay near rivers and feed on frogs and similar aquatics. Living in the same Himalayan areas as the *Yet-Teh* is the *Meh-Teh*. This is the original Abominable Snowman, as we shall see. It is man-size but hairy, much more active and powerful than the Yeh-Teh and goes above the treeline occasionally to grub for vitamin-rich vegetation beneath the snow or to catch pikas. It has been seen by more people than any other and it was a photograph of its footprint that started the whole thing.

A third, extremely dangerous, Snowman also consistently appears in this reach of the world. This is the giant *Dzu-Teh*, dreaded by natives of the area. It is reported from China to the uplands of eastern Tibet as a huge apish creature able to carry off a yak after breaking its neck. Natives say it can withstand the cold mountain heights for long periods, if not indefinitely, and it is clothed in long, shaggy hair. It is the most bestial of all the Snowmen, capable of killing a man with gorillalike ease simply by grabbing a part of him and ripping it off.

The animal moved closer to Roe and then spotted him. Roe leveled his rifle at it, but could not shoot. It was too human to kill.



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL REUSSWIG

These are by no means the only Snowmen-creatures of which there are reports. A rich variety appears over the vast spaces that might be loosely termed Mongolia. One variety is said to engage in a primitive form of trading with local nomadic herdsmen; and another comes to us in the form of a detailed report of a Russian officer who examined a Meh-Teh-type suspected as a spy and submitted the account to the Soviet Academy of Science. This and other evidence have resulted in the Russians taking the whole thing far more seriously than we do. Last year they had at least four Snowman expeditions in the field and are doing everything they possibly can to beat us to the discovery.

It all began (for the white man) in 1921 when Colonel Howard-Bury, leader of an expedition on reconnaissance work toward Mount Everest, telegraphed back to Calcutta that his party had seen some very large black objects walking about on snow slopes above them. Climbing to the area, they found enormous foot tracks. The Sherpa porters, then as now more than certain of the existence of dangerous manlike animals in the mountains, identified them, and Colonel Howard-Bury used in his telegraphed report the name the Sherpas gave them. The wire arrived in garbled form in Calcutta with the name of the creatures spelled *"metoh kangmi."* Nobody knew what this meant. However, in that city was a remarkable newspaper columnist of great erudition and diversity. Asked what the words meant he said they were Tibetan (which they were not) for Abominable Snowman. Now, there is a Tibetan word *metch* meaning dirty or filthy; *kang* is clearly snow and *meh,* creature. However, the original word sent, but not received, in the cable was *mehteh kangmi,* which means literally "man-creature, snow-creature." Clearly not as delightful as Abominable Snowman.

The report caused a flurry of excitement and much pontifical cries of fraud in the London press which quickly died down. A similar response greeted the eyewitnessing of another man-size snow creature by

(*Continued on page* 113)

We can trace the levels of humanity to the point where the distinction between man and the higher apes gets very blurred indeed. Here we see, left to right, an ape, the Java apeman and artist's conception of an Abominable Snowman. It's up to the hunters to prove the latter exists.

The Ultimate Hunt

(*Continued from page 69*)

A gigantic humanoid creature sprang across the road, covering the distance in two strides—and vanished.

the famed explorer Hugh Knight. Likewise in 1931 when the much-respected mountaineer and explorer Wing-Commander E. B. Beauman reported coming across tracks which we know today to have been a Meh-Teh. This gentleman didn't scare easily. He simply wasn't going to be called a liar or an idiot. He had encountered humanoid tracks in a place where they were not expected and he was quite positive of the fact that they were not those of bears or of any other animal. What is even more important, he made it quite clear he was perfectly capable of telling one from the other and would not have anybody telling him otherwise. This was exceedingly refreshing and brought a number of people up sharp.

The result was astounding. The press almost took him seriously. The scientific "experts" remained strangely silent and the public gaped. And some real experts on the Himalayas stood up to be counted with stories of their own.

Yet these stories were isolated in nature. A sighting here, strange cries heard, a footprint or pelt report came and went without great fanfare until World War II came along and put a stop to the whole thing.

The Shipton bombshell broke in 1951. It was to inscribe the name Abominable Snowman in the minds of men all over the world. And it started an intense investigation that grows with force as expedition after expedition goes out in search of new evidence of the creatures.

Eric Shipton was on an expedition with Edmund Hillary and some of the most experienced Sherpa mountaineers ever assembled. Shipton was a world-renowned mountaineer and explorer; Hillary, a young man of immense physical and moral courage. They had split into small parties to explore unmapped areas of the Himalayas when Shipton came across a set of tracks at 19,000 feet that were fresh and absolutely clear. He followed them for a considerable distance and finally photographed them when he could follow no longer. *The Illustrated London News*, a century-old bastion of British integrity, published them.

The outcry was fantastic. Exhibitions were set up deliberately attempting to belittle Mr. Shipton and thereby all the other explorers who ever reported strange doings in the mountaintops. This and other shameless attempts so irked the press that they began at last reporting Snowmen incidents factually instead of facetiously and the public sat up and took notice.

They did more than that. Men set out to discover what made those tracks. Expeditions climbed into the hills searching. Nepal opened its borders to the outside world for the first time in 1953 and all manner of Snowman evidence came to light. The scalps of Meh-Tehs and Dzu-Tehs were reported in several monastaries; whole skins were rumored stashed away in others; paintings of two kinds of Snowmen were found in others; the locals began to talk freely of their belief, including the gallant

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Everest conqueror Tensing Norkay. Two mummified hands were brought back to laboratories. But one was that of a snow-leopard. The other was definitely humanoid, and probably human.

These expeditions were led by skilled men and brought results. They were the first from the outside world to discover the three different kinds of Snowmen. They used sensible methods, such as sitting silently for weeks in trees in tropical downpours, and were rewarded by actually seeing Yeh-Teh at long range. My friend Gerald Russell, co-collector of the first live giant panda, closed with a Yet-Teh after dark. Gerald was on one side of a boulder and the Snowman on the other side. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for Gerald, never the twain did meet.

Yet in all of this the same old mistakes were made. They brought hunting dogs that had been trained in the Southwest to hunt specific local creatures. Now dogs are "artificial" animals, and wild animals are more afraid of dogs and their smell than they are of humans. Further, dogs make a lot of noise and are relatively useless for tracking animals they have not previously encountered. And in this case they were so flummoxed by the altitude that they had actually to be carried to the higher camps.

All animals, dogs included, hold great fascination and charm for me. I must, however, put it on the record right or wrong, it is my opinion that dogs can be only a hindrance to tracking down anything as clever as an Abominable Snowman wherever you may look for it.

And this leads us to just that point: Where may *you* look for it? For while few of us have the time or funds to spend weeks or months in Nepal and Tibet, there is equally conclusive evidence that giant, dangerous creatures of the Dzu-Teh type exist under our noses. And there are reports from the California area of both a Meh-Teh and Yeh-Teh type with footprints exactly equivalent to those found in the Himalayan snows.

As far as my investigations can trace, frontiersmen in three widely separated areas a century ago first came upon the creatures. In each of these the presence of "Wild Men" was taken for granted by the Indians and seconded by white men who described them as covered with hair, lacking speech, having low brows and prominent jaws and teeth, human-type feet, and making a strange, high-pitched whistle-growl.

These early records are diffuse and difficult, if not impossible, to assess. An example is the apelike creature chased down by a train crew in 1884 and captured by the simple expedient of belting it with a rock. The animal was taken to the small settlement of Yale, British Columbia, and unleashed three schools of thought: that it was an escaped orangutan or chimpanzee; that it was a new kind of ape; that it was a young manlike animal that the Indians said had always lived in the hills.

This is so long ago as to have lost real content. The same is true of the old Indian reports from the seemingly endless plethora of rivers, streams, lakes, swamps and muskegs that interlace the vast stretches of taiga-spruce forests of Quebec. More interesting are those I have received over the past 15 years from American and Canadian hunters. All were stimulating; none was solicited. All could, I must presume, have been due to hallucinations or a case of the jitters, and it may be that they all stem from one old trapper's tale. The simple fact is I have not at this writing had a chance to check on them personally. I mention them only because it is scientifically logical that the same creatures of British Columbia and California would extend into this area. And the evidence of creatures in those two places is a positive reality that I *have* checked on.

To understand the stories I will relate, you must appreciate the wilderness that exists today in the mountains of British Columbia. The area of our concern extends from Glacier Bay, where Juneau is situated, south to the Olympics in Washington State, and from the Pacific Coast inland to the coastal mountains that lift 10,000 feet upward toward the heavens. Some 160,000 square miles are involved—and what miles they are! Probably less than two per cent of them are level. The peaks stretch to the horizon like ship bows facing upward to cut the deluge of water that constantly descends. For this is the northwest rain forest, a wild tangle of northern conifers and substrata of all manner of lush ferns, mosses and shrubs. To the south the mountains march downward to become the Cascades, identical with the rain forests except the ground vegetation thins out as the rains lessen. The whole forms a natural bridge of isolated terrain connecting the northern areas with northern California, and precisely what we would expect to find —that a mountain animal would range this distance—is what we do find.

The local Indians call them *Sasquatch*, "wild men." And to give you a good reason why they believe in them, I will have to tell you what George and Jeannie Chapman told me. It was September 1959. My partner Robbie Christie and I had come to their farm because Jeannie Chapman had in 1941 defended her children from the predations of a giant hair-covered manlike male animal that stalked into her home.

The Chapmans were Indians. At the time of their experience they lived near the small settlement of Ruby Creek about 30 miles north of Agassiz on the Fraser River. When I spoke with them, they were living at Yale, from which we have heard before. Yale is split by the Fraser. Most of the town—the shops, hotel, post office—is on the west bank; on the other side runs the railroad with modest homes strung along beside. Robbie and I crossed the ugly, swirling water by rowboat and met two of the most charming, straight-forward, sincere people it has been my privilege to know. Below is Jeannie Chapman's story as she told it to me:

"It was a cloudless afternoon in September 1941 when my eldest son, then

aged nine, came running to the house saying that there was a cow coming down out of the woods at the foot of the nearby mountain. The other children (a boy aged seven and a little girl of five) were still playing in a field behind the house bordering on the rail track. I went out to look, since the boy seemed oddly disturbed, and then saw what I at first thought was a very big bear among the last bushes bordering the field but beyond the railroad tracks. I called the two smaller children who came running immediately. Then the creature emerged on to the tracks and I saw that it was a gigantic man covered all over with pale yellow-brown hair about four inches, but longer on the head and neck. It was about as tall as the fence and line posts standing about the field. [Most were over seven feet.—I.S.] It had a rather small head and a very short, thick neck; in fact really no neck at all. Its body was entirely human in shape except that it was immensely thick through its chest and its arms were exceptionally long. I did not see the feet which were in the grass. Its shoulders were very wide. It had no breasts, and I assumed it was a male, although I could not say so positively since the long hair clothing its groins would have covered any male organs."

Frightened, but keeping her head, Mrs. Chapman ran with her children down to the riverbank out of sight of the creature and thence downstream to the village. She said her thought was that the creature was after one of the children. While any mother would probably think this, in this case the facts seem to back it up, for the creature *did* enter the house and also rummaged through an outhouse, breaking open a 55-gallon drum of salt fish and scattering the contents around outside. When George Chapman returned home from his work on the railroad that day shortly before six, he immediately saw the woodshed door battered in, and spotted enormous humanoid footprints all over the place. Greatly alarmed (like all of his people, he had heard since childhood about the "big wild men of the mountains"), Chapman called for his family and dashed through the house. Then he spotted the foot tracks of his wife and kids going off toward the river. These he followed to the sand beside the river where he saw them going off downstream without any giant ones following. He reunited with his family a short time later.

These were the last words spoken to me by the Chapmans about the strange occurrence in their life, for I heard from my good friend, Mr. John Green of the *Agassiz-Harrison Advance*, a few days before writing this, that the Chapmans with three others were drowned while rowing across the Fraser.

I utterly refuse to believe that this good woman and her husband were lying or exaggerating the facts in this case. Telling the story has earned them nothing except ridicule and derision for themselves and for their race. They did not know we were coming and what they reported jibes exactly with dozens of reports of other eyewitnesses. They

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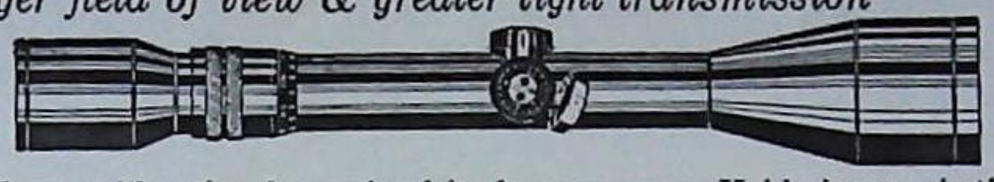

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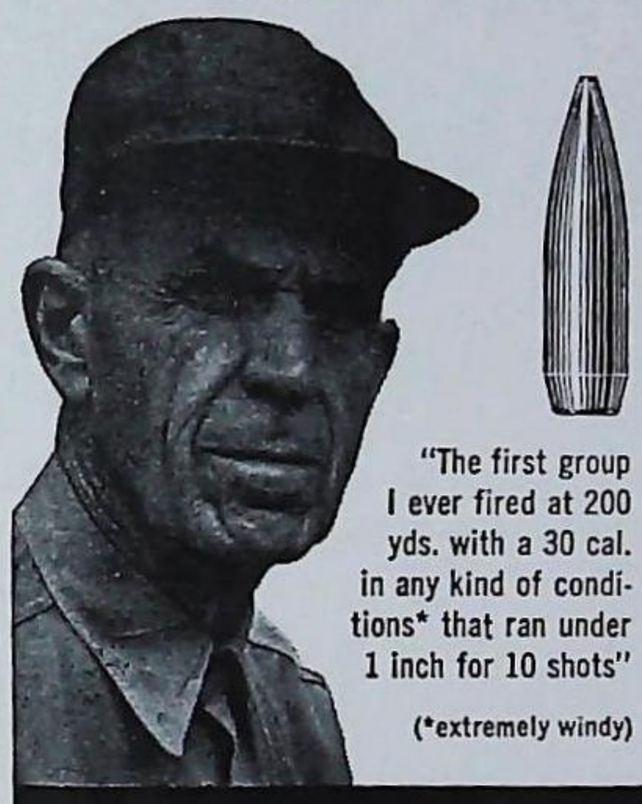

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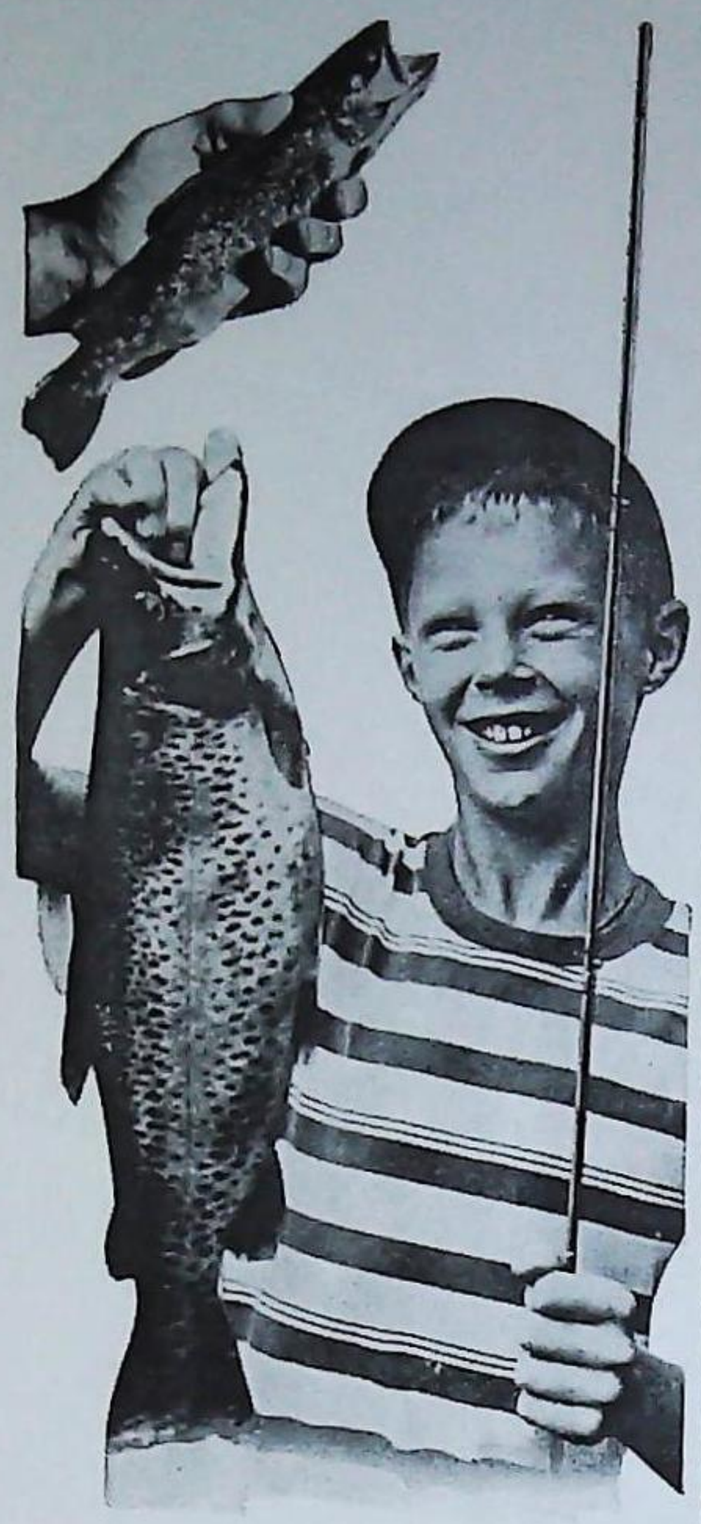

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could not possibly have had access to those facts. I cannot believe Mrs. Chapman was beset by a bear, or an escaped gorilla, or was attempting a practical joke. George Chapman would sniff at anyone who said he could not instantly recognize the tracks of the local bears with which he was familiar since boyhood. The gorilla and hoax explanations are patently absurd. *It was something else!*

So was the creature that confronted Mr. William Roe, now of Edmonton, Alberta, with such vividness that he swore before a public solicitor of the facts in the case, making him personally, even criminally, liable for whatever damage his statement might cause. Though I have not the space here to quote him verbatim this is the gist of what he swore to:

In October 1955 near a little place called Tête Jaune Cache, British Columbia, about 80 miles west of Jasper, Alberta, he saw what he at first thought to be a grizzly bear in the brush 75 yards away across a clearing. Rifle in hand, he sat down on a small rock to watch. He could just see part of the animal's head and the top of one shoulder. A moment later it stood up and stepped into the opening. . . . It wasn't a bear. This is the way Roe described what he saw:

"My first impression was of a huge man about six feet tall, almost three feet wide, and probably weighing somewhere near 300 pounds. It was covered from head to foot with dark brown, silver-tipped hair. But as it came closer I saw by its breasts that it was female.

"And yet, its torso was not curved like a female's. Its broad frame was straight from shoulder to hip. Its arms were thicker than a man's arms, longer, reaching almost to its knees . . ."

The animal moved to within 20 feet of Roe and ate some leaves. Then it spotted Roe, backed up and started to walk off watching him over its shoulder. Roe leveled his rifle at it, but lowered it again. "I knew I would never forgive myself if I killed it," he said.

Roe believed the animal could have been a Sasquatch (such as reported by the Chapmans), but he felt it was too human to shoot.

We have made a long journey from Sumatra to the Himalayas to British Columbia. We come at last to our backyard. To understand what I saw with my own eyes and heard personally, it is necessary to know something about a small, fantastically wild area of California that's a few hours' drive from San Francisco.

Between the Oregon-California border and the head of the Sacramento Valley is a block of mountainous land 200 miles long and about 130 miles wide. It extends roughly east and west from the coast inland to the divide between the Klamath and Cascade Mountains. Across it are really only two roads: Route 299 which runs southeast to Redding where it joins Route 99, and a second-class road which follows the Klamath River southwest to hit 299 about 50 miles east of Eureka. There are also some tertiary roads and jeep trails.

It is difficult to convey the appalling nature of this country. Although surrounded by large towns, it has not been surveyed except for air photos and a 60-mile triangulation. While locals have told me they have "hunted all over the area for years," the truth is it has taken a road contractor three years to penetrate 23 miles of it, and I met a Federal surveyor who told me flatly his crew could not get in at all.

In August 1958 Mr. Gerald Crew, a bulldozer operator working for Wallace Brothers, road contractors, took his construction equipment into an area in Humboldt County, California, to build a lumber access road for the U. S. Forest Service. The exact location where the following events took place was about 20 miles off the blacktop road that runs north through the Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation from Willow Creek to a place called Happy Camp near the Oregon Border. The road when we visited it this year crawls laboriously up the face of a mountainous wall that encloses a stream called Bluff Creek.

The practice of the construction men was to leave their equipment Friday night and go home to their families over the weekend. Returning one Monday morning, Jerry Crew was amazed to find something had inspected his giant tractor in his absence. In the soft earth surrounding the machine were prints of what appeared to be a man's naked foot. The incredible thing was their size—by actual measurements, 17 inches long.

Jerry was angry. He said his first reaction was that he thought somebody was pulling a stunt and he was far too busy for that kind of nonsense. He followed the tracks and got his second shock.

He found the giant footprints came almost straight down an incline of 75 degrees, on to the road ahead of the "cat," circled the machine and on down a steeper incline on the other side of the road. The strides measured between 46 and 60 inches, almost twice his own. They marched out of sight down a ravine where he, the man, found it difficult to stand, much less walk.

Jerry corralled the other men, by then drifting into work. No one could offer any explanation other than to repeat the tales they had heard from Indians of the *Oh-mah*, literally Bigfeet. The Indians took the existence of such creatures for granted and my searchings have exposed considerable historical reports of them.

However, nothing further happened for almost a month when once again the monstrous footprints appeared around the equipment. Then the tracks appeared three nights in succession and one morning Mr. Crew, exasperated by having to cope with a myth-come-to-life as well as a road, made plaster casts of both right and left feet. These were photographed and published in a local paper and the story went into orbit.

The reaction was instantaneous. Having an Abominable Snowman in Nepal was one thing. Having one in Califor-

nia was quite another. The howls of denials and derision were worldwide.

However, they did not in any way deter Mr. Crew's creature. Subsequent tracks indicated that the creature had flung a 55-gallon drum of diesel fuel into the ravine alongside the road. A length of 18-inch galvanized steel culvert was also thrown off the bank as was a large wheel and tire for a heavy earth mover. They were all carried and thrown a sufficient distance to give the rugged young men inspecting them a most uncertain feeling.

By this time the contractor, Mr. Wallace, Jerry Crew and his foremen all felt the whole matter had gone quite far enough. Men were hard enough to keep on remote jobs. With this kind of thing walking around the whole bunch would one by one quit and replacements would be impossible to find. Help turned up in the form of a man named Ray Kerr who had read of the matter and wanted to try and track the culprit. He, in turn, brought along a Mexican friend named Bob Breazele who had hunted professionally in Mexico and who had four good dogs. Breazele did not take a job but hunted.

It was these two that finally saw an Oh-mah. They were driving down the new road after dark when in the headlights appeared a gigantic humanoid creature squatting by the road. It sprang across the road in two strides and vanished. The men rushed after it but were forced to a stop by the tangle of underbrush. They measured the road and found the creature had covered 20 feet in two strides.

Spurred by this encounter, they doubled their efforts loosing the dogs on the tracks. The tough, experienced hounds were never seen again.

Later droppings of typically human form but of monstrous proportion were discovered on the road and one such was shoveled into a two-gallon drum, which it filled completely.

Even more footprints were found throughout the winter until February 1960 when the creature appeared no more. Since then, as a result of the publicity, I have heard from two doctors who say they saw a similar monster on Route 299 early in 1958, and from a lady who with her daughter saw two, one far smaller than the other, feeding on a hillside above the Hoopa Valley. I have many other statements on record. Two of the most significant come from elderly members of the Hoopa and Yurok Indians. One old-timer told one of my partners: "The Oh-mah were all run out of this country by the miners in the '49 gold rush. Before that there were a lot of them." And another Hoopa friend who exclaimed delightedly to a question on the Bigfeet: "Good Lord, don't tell me the white men are finally getting around to that!"

The white men are indeed. Serious students who don't believe we know it all are now looking for these creatures all over the world. Scientific exploration of the California area is being made at present. I have, at the expressed request of the participants, refused to divulge the nature or location of their efforts. The release of unveri-

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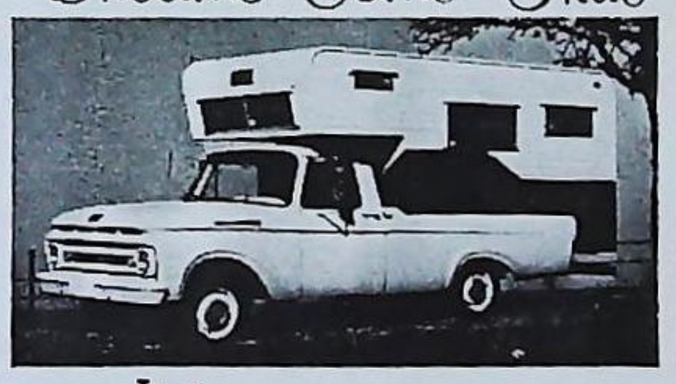

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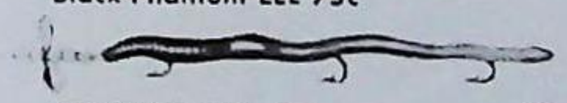

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fied evidence prematurely could easily discredit information of substantial value which could settle the thing once and for all later.

I can say this to those who might wish to pursue the matter for themselves: You must employ not the techniques of a hunter but the vastly more specialized methods of the professional collectors who fill our zoos with wild animals. Ordinary hunting techniques simply will not work with a creature as intelligent and as shy of man as evidence indicates the Abominable Snowman is.

The collector's approach is coldly bookish. First he obtains through existing data or observation an accurate appraisal of the seasonal production of fruits, flowers and forage, and charts the *distribution* of these at various seasons. Then, with geographic maps of where the creature *can* be located on his charts, he adds information on the availability of surface water at the same season. This tells him where the animal *will* be.

Next, the collector carefully prepares for the field by divesting himself of everything human. All rubber or plastic goods which are not "natural" are discarded.

The collector will camp, even make a wood fire, but he won't use kerosene. He'll smoke but he'll use only candles or flashlights contained in greased leather jackets for lights. He won't think about looking for anything for at least two weeks, although he'll know his quarry is there within spitting distance, deciding whether this new creature belongs to its world.

The animals must make the first move. They will come to the collector, often becoming pests . . . marching through his tent, rifling food boxes or stealing clothes. Then, and only then, does the collector hunt. He meanders off following paths of least resistance as the animals invariably do. He drifts, as animals continually do. If he stands still or moves too fast, he'll signal an alarm. He drifts . . . he becomes another member of the community.

Then and only then does this creature, who cannot see or smell as well as his fellow creatures, or run as fast or as ably, whose reflexes and strength are hopelessly inferior, unleash the intelligence that has made him ruler of all others. He springs his trap. Whether it is a pit, a net, a stun-gun, or some other device depends slightly on conditions or circumstances but mostly on personal choice.

Now, for heaven's sake, if you do go after the Abominable Snowman, *don't* tell anybody where you are going and what you plan. If you do, they will scorn you in direct proportion to the seriousness with which you approach the subject. I know.

But if you do decide to join the ranks of those of us who think the last word has yet to be written on this subject, go prepared to handle the job scientifically, and above all don't *kill* anything. Remember the man who shot the last passenger pigeon? That was not technically murder—this could be. Bring one back *alive!* ■ ■ ■

• Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of Everest, literally flew through the United States last month wearing, off and on (TV), a crazy scalp. He was accompanied by a splendid Nepalese fellow billed as a lama who did a little dance. And Sir Edmund had something unpleasant in his suitcase. The idea was still another but more lavish attempt to debunk the poor so-called Abominable Snowmen. He left a trail of non sequiturs like a comet.

First, none of the American scientists got to see Sir Edmund's scalp except on TV. Then *Life* Magazine came out with a sort of epitaph of the poor Snowman. Then, in London, scientists did get a look at the scalp—and were challenged to identify the skin from which it was made. Finally, in Paris there was a full-dress meeting and showing at the museum, and the "unpleasantness" came out of Sir Edmund's bag, a second scalp. Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans of the Royal Institute of Natural Sciences of Belgium, the greatest Snowman-chaser, saw that it was a second and *new* scalp, and he named the animal it was made from: a goatlike creature called the serow; or, delightfully, by science *Capricornis*.

The trouble with all this falderal is that its sponsors tried to prove that there are no such things as Abominable Snowmen anywhere by proving that a funny skullcap, said to have been made from a Snowman 200 years ago, was really made from a goat. Actually, even this was inaccurate in that the Nepalese said it was made "*in imitation*" of the scalp of a Yeti (their name for their three kinds of Snowmen). Sir Edmund was then asked: If there never were Yetis, what left the huge, clear footprints that he himself had several times reported finding. His reply was that a party of foxes, following each other, or "stringing" as it is called, and all jumping into the holes made in the snow by their leader, made the prints. These, he said, were later enlarged by melting.

Unfortunately there are no known foxes in the upper Himalaya. Secondly, many Yeti tracks have been made in *mud*, which cannot melt. Third, and most important of all, the Yeti footprints show clear imprints of a large set of *muscles* working just as those of our own feet do. Fourth, no group of any kind of small animal can all jump exactly the same way for miles, both up- and downhill *and* across mountain faces.

The statement was made that all Abominable Snowmen are only a Tibetan (sic) myth. How do these self-appointed debunkers account for foot tracks in mud all over North and South America, east and west Africa, Sumatra, Malaya, Indochina, and all the way from the Caucasus straight across Russia, Mongolia and China to Manchuria? The answer is simple: They can't!—*I.T.S.*

V.47 NO. 349

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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BY GENE CAESAR
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For the past two summers a weird creature has been reported roaming southern Michigan. The big hairy thing seems relatively harmless—which is more than can be said for the army of kooks who went looking for it

THE HELLZAPOPPIN' HUNT FOR THE MICHIGAN MONSTER

■ Sometime this summer, in all probability, a strange report will come in to a state police post or a sheriff's office somewhere in southern Michigan. And with a readiness that the historic minutemen might well have envied, hundreds and then thousands of rifle-carrying men will turn out to go tramping through woods and brush and farm fields—stalking an unclassified creature that few of them will publicly admit they believe exists.

Beyond doubt, worried authorities will again issue threatening warnings, or even resort to further polygraph tests in a desperate attempt to debunk the entire business. For the spectacle of armed men stumbling through darkness in search of something that vaguely resembles a man has understandably left local law enforcement officials shuddering. But by two seasons of past precedent, the hunt will still go on, unhindered by reason, ridicule or even heavy rain.

"Has everyone gone crazy?" one state trooper wondered aloud last August, when an estimated 1,000 hunters were braving a downpour to comb the Monroe County countryside. "No self-respecting monster would even be out on a night like this, but just look at those idiots!"

Ironically enough, it all began with a police report, put out by the Cass County Sheriff's Department on the morning of June 10, 1964: CREATURE, IDENTITY UNKNOWN. ABOUT NINE FEET TALL. ABOUT 500 POUNDS. ALL HAIR UP TO ITS NECK. HAS BLACK FACE. SKIN LOOKS ABOUT A HALF-INCH THICK. HAS VERY LARGE EYES THAT GLOW LIKE AN ANIMAL'S WHEN SHINED ON AT NIGHT. MAKES NOISES LIKE A TAME GOOSE. ALSO LIKE A BABY CRYING.

Late the night before, Mrs. John Utrup had heard her dogs barking at her farm home in the Sister Lakes region. She stepped outside and snapped on the yard light, only, it seems, to catch a nightmarish monstrosity in the sudden brightness at close range. Fighting off hysteria, she ran inside, bolted the door and phoned for help.

As a rule, big hairy things seen by rural ladies rarely cause much concern in sheriffs' offices. But this one could hardly be shrugged off as a hallucination, because the deputies who drove to the scene through an increasing rain found fading tracks in the mud, roughly resembling barefoot human footprints but measuring fully six inches across the ball of the foot and almost four inches across the heel. Then Gordon Brown, from the nearby town of Dowagiac, reported having seen the hairy creature at about the same time that night, catching it in his headlights as it ran across Swisher Road not far from the Utrup farm.

"It was no bear!" he swore adamantly. "It had a face like a human."

By midmorning, an investigation had turned up two more witnesses with detailed descriptions that varied only in estimates of height; some thought the thing was just seven feet tall. And at least 10 other local people guardedly admitted to having seen or heard "something strange" in the [*Continued on page* 84]

THE HELLZAPOPPIN' HUNT FOR THE MICHIGAN MONSTER

[*Continued from page 60*]

shadows. Since all alleged encounters had taken place at night, Undersheriff Ernest Kraus planned to wait until darkness before conducting an organized search of the Sister Lakes area with powerful searchlights to probe for the large and reflective eyes.

"People have been reluctant to call," he told the gathering reporters, "because it's a fantastic story, and they're afraid of ridicule. There's definitely something out there! I think there's a logical explanation, though. I think it's an animal of some kind."

There was no reason for doubting that a large animal could conceivably be roaming the region without being seen in daylight. Southern Michigan may connote Detroit and automobile factories to outsiders, but industry and population alike tend to be highly concentrated, leaving great stretches of sparsely-settled country.

But when asked what kind of animal could fit the description, no one could supply an answer. Besides not having "human faces," bears don't stand on their hind legs too often, and there were no reports of a gorilla having escaped from a zoo or circus.

Michigan was by no means the first place where this baffling description had been heard. Back in 1958, a great many Californians reportedly saw an identical creature, dubbed a Bigfoot; its tracks were photographed and preserved with plaster casts, great heaps of its droppings were found, and some resulting research in old newspapers turned up previous accounts dating back over a century. British Columbia has long spoken of a similar beast called a Sasquatch, and the solemnly sworn affidavits of respected citizens who claim to have encountered it would fill a very thick volume. And, of course, there's the well known but elusive Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas. What had happened in Cass County, Michigan, had previously happened on countless occasions elsewhere, with one important difference: Michigan is a leading deer-hunting state, boasting perhaps a half-million rifle owners.

Just at darkness, the sheriff's men set out on their intended search of the lonely back roads. But all of a sudden, those roads weren't lonely any longer. An estimated 200 carloads of uninvited auxiliaries had jammed them like Long Island freeways on a Sunday afternoon. Every available lawman in Cass County and half the force of neighboring Van Buren County had to be called out that night—not to hunt unknown creatures but to direct traffic.

"Somebody's going to get killed out here!" the amazed deputies kept calling in. "These half-wits have deer rifles!"

It was the noisiest night the Sister Lakes area had ever known. Horns were sounding incessantly where automobiles had been left blocking the narrow byways. Men were pounding on the doors of the scattered farmhouses to demand directions and were shouting back and forth in the darkness as they swarmed through orchards and over fences. Tires were spinning shrilly on cars stuck in the sand, while police radios whistled and crackled. Not until 3 a.m. were the sheriff's men able to get the roads cleared, and dawn found armed hunters still wandering about everywhere, while others waited at all-night diners.

"Whatever that thing was," one exhausted deputy decided, "it's been spooked halfway to Canada by now."

And yet, at about 9:15 that morning, three young girls were walking down a wooded road in Silver Creek Township, a few miles from the Utrup farm, when something "like a big bear on its hind legs except for the face" suddenly broke cover in front of them. Twelve-year-old Patsy Clayton screamed; 13-year-old Joyce Smith fainted; and Gail Clayton, also 13, came running up too late to see anything, as the creature ducked back into the woods immediately. The girls raced to the nearest house and called the sheriff, but nothing was found beyond crushed weeds at the road's edge.

The possibility of a hoax seemed unlikely. What human prankster, in full daylight, would set young girls screaming in an area overrun with rifle-carrying men?

But any possibility of a serious investigation was shattered. All day long, new volunteer monster hunters kept arriving, up from South Bend, down from Kalamazoo, then from ever more distant cities and towns. Before Thursday, June 12, was over, once-desolate Swisher Road was deeply rutted and littered with beer cans and bottles, and the owners of taverns and gas stations were welcoming the invasion with such delighted grins that the entire affair might have been passed off as a promotion stunt, except that all the reports had come from farm and cottage people who were far from delighted, who were in fact furious about broken fences, trampled crops and debris.

By Friday, even armchair monster hunters were getting into the act, phoning in suggestions from as far off as Colorado and Texas: send up helicopters with big nets; call out the National Guard; burn the brush; stake out shapely female volunteers as bait. And the services of a steady stream of hounds guaranteed to run monsters were being refused. With the weekend, Cass County resembled a carnival. Every place of business had a Monster Sale going, the Dowagiac Theater was billing a double-feature horror show, drive-ins were featuring Monster Burgers, and a variety store called Harvey's East was even advertising "Special Monster-Hunting Kits"—a baseball bat, a mallet, a net, a spear and a flashlight for $7.95. All over the state, hoaxes were being perpetrated in imitation, as teen-agers, singly or on each other's shoulders, draped themselves with old fur coats and pranced about busy highways. Everyone, mocking skeptics and monster hunters alike, seemed to be having a wonderful time—everyone except the original witnesses and the sheriff's men, all of whom were turning silent and sullen refusing to discuss the matter.

By Sunday afternoon, with no more believable reports of sightings, men were coming out of the brush all through the Sister Lakes area like sleepwalkers awakening or mob members dispersing, sheepishly hiding rifles beneath car seats and hurrying homeward. Opening as a fascinating mystery, Michigan's first monster-hunting season had ended with such farce and derisive scoffing that it hardly seemed likely to become an annual institution.

The seasons circled on, the time for more normal kinds of hunting came, and what had happened in Cass County was largely forgotten by the following June—everywhere, that is, except in Frenchtown Township north of Monroe, fully five counties east of the Sister Lakes region. There, where lonely Mentel Road cuts a winding path through thick woods and swamps, strange rumors were circulating again.

There was talk of the frogs suddenly turning silent and crashing sounds being heard, of a great hulking shape that moved in the shadows. A 15-year-old girl saw something "big and black and terrible" under a backyard apple tree by moonlight. A woman and her daughter got a brief but clearer look in the headlights of their car. Possibly recalling the previous summer's fiasco, no one phoned the police. But by early August, practically everyone living on Mentel Road between Fix and Nardeau roads spoke of having seen the creature at least once, including an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. George Bush.

On the Friday evening of August 13, Mrs. Bush was visited by her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Owens, and by 17-year-old Christine Van Acker, Mrs. Owens' daughter by a previous marriage. It was a warm night. When they left, Christine drove with the windows open.

According to their story, Mrs. Owens suddenly saw something moving at a tightly wooded point in the road. Startled by its size and strangeness, she yelled at the girl not to stop. Christine panicked, jammed the brakes and skidded, brushing against the frightening thing just as she stalled the engine. Screaming incessantly, Mrs. Owens saw a "huge hairy hand" on top of her daughter's head. The girl felt hairs "like quills," and then her face was slammed against the door post. She froze on the horn, adding its steady blare to shrieks that "sounded like mad women" at a farmhouse 300 yards off.

Men came running, found the lady hysterical and her daughter unconscious. There were no clear tracks, only scuff marks in the coarse gravel. But for all to see, Christine had as large a black eye as any young lady ever sported.

This time the police were called. After taking down a description highly similar to the one heard in Cass County, they assumed an attitude of hard, cold skepticism. "No tracks have been found," the Michigan State Police stated. "There is absolutely nothing definite to show that there is a beast."

But the word was out, and by the next afternoon it was Cass County all over again—Transylvania transplanted to Michigan, except that the local peasants carried weapons far more potent than pitchforks. Not far away, the new Enrico Fermi atomic power plant rises

strange and modernistic from the marshes near Lake Erie, providing a melodramatic angle for hunters who were students of TV and horror movies where monsters are often "mutations" produced by radiation. The Consumers Power Company had to double its guard to protect the costly installation against posse after posse of invading vigilantes.

Countless cars were ticketed, and some 20 men were jailed for carrying concealed weapons. But even the hard rainstorm that came Monday night failed to stop the madness. More than a thousand drenched men went on stumbling about in darkness, and not all were armed with rifles. Archery nuts saw no reason to let gun nuts hog this new sport. By Tuesday night, even the Detroit counterparts of Hell's Angels were on hand—roaring up in the rain, belching and occasionally retching from too much beer, but bravely offering to take on any monster with nothing more than the motorcycle chains they were swinging.

Ravaged and littered, fences broken and crops trampled, the Mentel Road area had become a gigantic outdoor lunatic asylum; and the residents who'd originally claimed to have seen the creature were remaining in darkened homes behind bolted doors. New stories of encounters with the beast were still being heard, but none were believable. One cute little brunette told of being attacked and showed the monster claw marks on her arm to prove it. "Whatever attacked her," a state trooper commented dryly, "those welts are poison ivy."

Far more convincing, at first, was 23-year-old David Thomas, a distant relative of Christine's. He'd been certain the creature was a human hoaxter, he insisted, until he'd come face to face with the thing and saw it was "three heads taller" than his six-foot self. After being "thrown around like a rag doll," he'd escaped into his car; and two strange-looking hairs, dark and apparently boasting light roots an inch-and-a-half long, were taken from the grillwork of that car and offered as evidence. But they turned out to be paint-brush bristles, and the young man changed his story drastically and began talking about a human hoaxter again when the police began talking about polygraph tests.

"This thing has gone so far," explained Detective Sgt. Pat Lyons, "that we want to prove, once and for all, that there is no monster, or discover exactly what it is that's out there."

Actually, the "lie detector" could prove or discover neither of these things. But radio station WFOB of Fostoria immediately hired an expert polygrapher, and on August 20, he examined Christine, Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Bush and a neighbor named John Mayes. "The tests proved they were telling the truth," he reported. "That is, they saw something—something that frightened them very badly." As to what that something might have been, neither he nor his machine cared to make guesses.

The Michigan State Police, on August 23, gave their own examination to just Christine and her mother, then issued the statement: "It is our opinion that they were not telling the truth."

All of which raised a rather unique question: Which lie detector was lying?

Not that it really mattered. The last monster-stalkers were gone from the woods by then, and saner hunting was close at hand. Ducks would soon be coming down the flyway, the flushing of pheasants from the cornfields would follow, and then the all-important occasion when the rifles could be carried northward in search of whitetail deer. Michigan had miraculously survived another monster season without a fatality, and the relieved authorities could dismiss the case.

Still, none of the original puzzle had been modified in the slightest.

All that can be intelligently said is that a mystery exists, where every attempt at explanation has raised far more questions than were answered. And a mystery the matter will most likely remain, as long as men react to it with antics far stranger than any attributed to the unknown creature itself.

"I don't know whether that thing's still around here or not," one Mentel Road farmer muttered, expressing sentiments shared in Cass County and possibly a good many places between. "But if I saw it again, I wouldn't say a word. Not to anyone! Whatever it is, I'll take my chances with it anytime, before I'll go through any more nights of having a bunch of damned, drunken fools with high-powered rifles on my place."

—Gene Caesar

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TRUE November 1961
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A large part of the earth is unexplored, uninhabited, unmapped, unknown, and a great many unbelievable creatures—long believed extinct or merely myths—have been found there. Now, after 30 years of scientific research and study, this famed zoologist makes the startling statement...

Abominable

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

■ Sooner or later somebody always asks me: "You don't *really* think there is such a thing as an Abominable Snowman, do you?" My reply is always the same: "No. I believe there are *hundreds* if not thousands of unknown anthropoids, of at least half a dozen kinds, running all over five continents." And I usually add for good measure: "But they're not *men*, none of them lives in *snow*, and we have no right to call them abominable."

That has ended a great many conversations, and not a few friendships, but with all the evidence which has become available over the years, I feel it's almost in a league with asking me if I really believe that the earth is round.

To begin with, let us dispose of the ridiculous title "Abominable Snowman." It is a complete misnomer and extremely misleading. Worse, it is usually prefixed with the article "the," just as if there was but one lone, mateless, childless and parentless monster that has been pounding about the eastern Himalaya and south Tibetan upper snowfields for 50 years—a forlorn abomination, left over from the past or, perhaps, just spontaneously created out of the mists.

As to the adjective "abominable," I don't think we can call any living creature by that name. The things are probably quite decent; just scared, and demanding only that they may lead their lives in peace. Whether they may be called *men* is also debatable. In my opinion, some are and some aren't. I am firmly convinced that they range from extremely primitive humans, without true speech, tools or knowledge of fire-making, and still in varying degrees hairy, to one or two still undiscovered large apes in Africa. In between, some appear definitely to be Neanderthal submen such as inhabited Europe in the ice age but which have lingered on in eastern Asia, while others are even farther down the Hominid (Man) branch of the family tree, being what used to be called "Ape-Men."

Then, quite different from all of these, there is the creature the Nepalese call the *Meh-Teh*, the original "Snowman," and which is to science *truly* abominable. By the footprints it leaves and all the descriptions of it and its behaviour by eyewitnesses, it is the most bestial of all. What is more, the tracks it leaves are not Hominid, Pongid (Ape-like), or even really anything in between. They are quite unlike anything we know, dead or alive.

But it is the word *snow* [*Continued on page* 86]

Fresh footprint left by Snowman in Himalayas was made by upright creature with human characteristics.

The most famous Snowman tracks were found by Eric Shipton and Michael Ward (r.) in 1951 Everest expedition.

Snowmen Are Here!

Abominable Snowmen Are Here!

[*Continued from page* 40]

that bugs the whole business. Since words are intended to convey meaning, nobody can be accused of stupidity for supposing that this title is intended to indicate either a man made *of* snow, or a man that lives *in* or *on* snow. Since nobody seems dense enough to believe the former, one can only assume the latter.

But this, too, is ridiculous. Many of these tracks have been found on permanent mountain snowfields, and there is nothing at all under these snowfields which could sustain any living creature. While they cross these snowfields when going from one place to another, thus leaving the tracks which have been seen by Sir Edmund Hillary, among others, they actually live in the forests which, admittedly, often come right up to the snowline.

Having thus, I hope, disposed of the business which has done more than anything else to muddle the whole issue, I will now proceed to answer your second question: "But how on earth *could* there be such creatures running about all over the lot?"

This is a very good question because it can be easily disposed of. First, a very large part of the land surface of our earth is uninhabited. A considerable part of this is still unmapped, unused, and has not even been explored. About a seventh of it is said to be covered with permanently frozen soil, and over most of this, which is in the Arctic and sub-Arctic, there sprawls an endless forest of tightly packed spruce trees known as the *taiga*. This runs right around the top of the world from northern Russia, through Siberia, to the Bering Straits, and then picks up again on the lowlands of the Canadian Northwest Territories and continues unbroken right across our continent to Labrador. It is virtually uninhabited, and only in the two last decades have roads been driven into it.

Of the remainder of the land surface, a third is either uninhabitable hot desert or its surrounding scrublands. Little of the latter is permanently settled, and the major part is totally unused and seldom crossed. Of the remainder, nearly half is covered with forests. Although some of these forests are dotted with human settlements, they are mostly what we call wildernesses, and most of them are unmapped. People get lost in Maine every year, and there is a 15,000-square-mile block in northern California that is only just being surveyed. There are areas of over 1,000 square miles in the Mississippi Valley bottomlands that are crossed by only one third-class road and can show but half a dozen settlements.

There are great tracts even in old Europe that are complete wildernesses, but even more fantastic are the uninhabited blocks in subtropical and tropical countries like southern China proper and India, which we think of as positively bulging with population. And Communist officials empowered to look after "minorities" in China reported only five years ago that completely wild, hairy people without speech, clothes, tools or knowledge of fire had been captured in the border province of Yunnan and taken to the capital city of Kunming.

There is another reason why I am so certain that "Abominable Snowmen" can be existing in many areas of the world. This is due to the fact that many huge creatures *have* been discovered, and even in regions where the local people had no idea that they existed. In 1960, for example, the regular "Mountie" air-patrol spotted in the Canadian Northwest Territories, not 100 miles from the new road being pushed up to the Arctic Ocean from Alberta, and within 50 miles of a Mission Station established a century ago, large herds of what is either the second or third largest form of the Ox Tribe. These were groups of pure-blood Woodland Bison (*Bison athabasca*), an enormous ice-age species not known to exist in a pure strain anywhere.

This was bad enough, but at least it was in the seemingly endless *Taiga* forest. In 1938, however, another creature—also either the second or third largest member of the Ox Tribe—turned up in the thickly populated Indochinese Peninsula. This creature is quite fabulous, the males having wide-spreading horns like the extinct Aurochs of Europe, father of all our western domestic cattle, but with huge tassels sprouting upwards from about a foot below their tips. What is even more significant, the discovery of this animal was at first positively denied in scientific circles, although the man responsible took a complete skin and skull to Paris.

I could go on and on: the Coelacanth fishes, thought to have been extinct for 60 million years, turning up on the breakfast tables of the Comorro Islanders; the second largest land mammal, named Cotton's Ceratothere or White Rhinoceros found only in 1910; the forest giraffe or Okapi of the Congo in the same year, and so on. But what is the use? May not these two sets of facts—the general unexplored nature of our earth, and the discovery right up till now of herds of huge beasts right at our back doors—suffice to affirm my contention that many undetected creatures *can* still be existing almost in our midst?

At this point, I believe you will be saying to yourself: "Yes, this is all very well, but those are *real* animals. These snowmen are nothing but stories, however important and reliable the people who have told these stories may be. Is there any concrete physical evidence of their existence?"

The answer is a definite "Yes."

I think we will have to admit that foot tracks are fairly concrete, so let's begin by taking another look at those of ABSMs (as I will refer to them from now on) and at the circumstances in which they were found.

Footprints can appear in all manner of soft and resilient surfaces; both dry, like sand and gravel; or wet, like mud and snow. Despite all the folderol about those found in snow, far more have been found in mud and sand, and of course exclusively so in all lowland areas in subtropical and tropical lands. The story of their discovery is seldom dramatic, but when it is, it is exceedingly so.

The best known is undoubtedly that of the famed mountaineer, Eric Shipton, in the Everest Area in 1951. The next most familiar is the California affair which I reported in TRUE in December 1959. In both cases it was not, however, so much the incident itself that made

"Well, what did the plumber think of your suggestions?"

such an impression, but the definite and more or less unassailable proof that was obtained at the time in the form of photographs and plaster casts, plus the fact that in both areas the tracks were seen by several people at the same time.

Further, these people were educated men with reputations of the highest order. Yet, the world at large was not ready at either time for such an event, nor was the public in any way prepared to accept it.

Eric Shipton was exploring a range of mountains near the Everest Block named the Gauri Sankar, on the South Tibetan Rim. He was accompanied by one Michael Ward and the Sherpa, Sen Tensing. On the afternoon of the 8th of November they stumbled upon a fresh track made by a *Meh-Teh*. This was in powdery snow on the southwestern slope of the Menlung-tse. The individual imprints were absolutely clear-cut. Their maker walked on two feet. The track was followed up for over a mile to an ice moraine, into which the men could not follow. The *Meh-Teh* had jumped some crevasses and had dug its toes in to do so just as any human would.

The tracks and prints were photographed, and the form of these prints and the stride of the track corresponded with similar discoveries of dozens of others, both previously and since. The photographs, and molds based on them, were exhibited in London alongside those made by bears and a large monkey. I may add that the keynote of this exhibit was "Now you can see for yourself that these so-called abominable snowman tracks are only those of a bear—*or a monkey!*" If you will compare the tracks pictured with this article with those of a bear or a monkey you will see how ridiculous this is. How even a stay-at-home scientist in a museum could be so stupid, I fail to understand.

The California affair was altogether different. There, enormous footprints turned up night after night all over a new road being bulldozed into a wilderness area not 100 miles from the town of Eureka. They were inspected by several dozen hard-boiled and highly practical-minded bulldozer operators, loggers, road-engineers and even by press photographers. They were up to 22 inches long, appeared night after night out of the impenetrable forests, went up and down impossible slopes, meandered around the machinery left parked at night, and then wandered off back into the wild with 60-inch strides. They caused a great stir which prompted some enquiry. This brought to light the fact that such things had been reported off and on for a century all over the area and as far away as Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Further, they linked up with similar sightings in British Columbia.

Tracks, which play such an important part in the whole business of ABSMery, have been found all over the world. Several of the casts made from these tracks are so clear and perfect that the musculature of the bottom of the feet that made them has been worked out in detail. In some types this proves to be very human in form, as with the so-called

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"I hope that makes up for my not having anything clever to say."

Almas of northeastern Asia. In others, it is absolutely not human, as in the *Meh-Teh*. In the *Oh-Mahs* of California, with a second pad under their big-toes and their apparent webbing of all the toes up to the last joints, we have something almost—but not *quite*—human.

This is really quite an impressive showing, and when we come to properly appreciate the fact that tracks have been reported by Mongolians, Chinese, Nepalis, Tibetans, Russians, Persians, Africans, Malays, Hollanders, Belgians, and members of most other European nationalities all over the world, and by Canadians and other North, Central and South Americans—year in and year out for over a century, it becomes very hard to see how anybody can really doubt the existence of ABSMs.

Also, you will have to admit that such theories as the *hoax*, the *misidentification*, the *tall-tale* or the pure *lie* become so utterly ridiculous that they are not worth even discussing. The real trouble about them, however, is that they are just about the only points of view you ever read on the matter. And one and all, they are nothing more than attempts to disprove the whole business by trying to debunk one small aspect of it. No better example of this can be given than the circus put on by Sir Edmund Hillary early this year.

Hillary stated in an article published before he went to the Himalayas that his secondary objective was to get what he called a *yeti* (an over-all local misnomer for any ABSM). He is a mountaineer, not a zoologist or anthropologist, so he went clean through the country in which the ABSMs live and up on to the sterile, foodless, mountain snowfields. Also, he had a party of no less than 600 along with him. Failing, as a result, to get within miles of any ABSM, he was faced with two choices: either admit failure, or somehow disprove the whole idea.

He chose the latter course: had a "scalp" made from a skin taken from a rare local animal named a Serow; borrowed one of the old caps made to look like an ABSM scalp (and which was admitted to be a fake by the villagers he got it from); invited a most excellent Nepalese gentleman named Kunyo Chumbi to come along and flew off around the world, displaying the cap on television and handing out hairs and bits of skin to scientists. With these bits went a challenge to identify the hairs and dried blood. It took a scientist in Paris just one day to identify the hairs (as being from a Serow) but, strangely, microphotos of them did not match those made of hairs pulled from other scalps in Nepal by other scientists! On the basis of this confusing and meaningless test Sir Edmund presumed to claim that no ABSMs existed.

Then Hillary was asked: if the debunking of this scalp disproved the existence of all ABSMs everywhere, how about the tracks which he himself had several times reported? To this he produced the amazing reply that they were all made by a string of foxes following a leader and all landing precisely with all their feet in exactly the same hole, and then all these holes being enlarged by melting precisely to the same size and shape. (We have been unable to trace any reference to any species of fox ever being collected in these upper montane regions.)

To the two questions, how then did these tracks invariably show not only clear toe marks of a very special arrangement, but also distinctive musculature impressions, and how could such tracks be made in mud which does not melt, he gave *no* answer!

Equally fatuous was the suggestion made by a gentleman named Michael Peissel who wrote that the tracks in the Himalayas were made by men wearing a kind of *mukluks*, which had worn out in front so that they left toe impressions. He further said that such tracks are deliberately pointed out by the Nepalese as a tourist attraction! Should this be so, even in that area, all said men must have had *both feet* constructed in one of the rarest known ways—an abnormality in which the second toes are longer than the first, and are also bigger, and separated from the others; while they must all have been positively enormous people with feet almost as wide as long, and all have been twice the weight of a normal large man.

Apart from tracks, the physical evidence for the existence of ABSMs consists of a few alleged scalps (and they are definitely not *all* made from the skins of goat-like animals), a few whole skins reported by Mongolian scientists; some mummified hands; several collections of fresh droppings; a lot of hairs; some analyses of old blood; and the identification of some odd internal and external parasites taken from said scalps and droppings.

Apart from this, everything is reportage—of weird calls made by, appalling smells from; animals found killed by; cairns on mountain tops being moved by; rocks being hurled by; beds being made by, and a few other minor categories.

Perhaps the most concrete evidence we have are two or three mummified hands. Two are preserved in a monastery in a small place in Nepal called Pangboche. There is a great mystery about one of these because it has only been photographed once, but then by one of the greatest students of the subject with the very highest standing—Prof. Teizo Ogawa, of the School of Anatomy of Tokyo University. It is the most perfect shot and shows some most significant features. Professor Ogawa has not yet completed his examination of it, nor published his report, so that he has made no final pronouncement on its identification.

The other hand has now *definitely* been pronounced, and by none other than Prof. B. F. Porshnev, head of the Special Commission to Study ABSMs set up by the Soviet Academy of Sciences, to be that of a Neanderthal subman, such as inhabited Europe and northern Asia during the last ice advance. Significantly, a fresh footprint from central Asia of a form of ABSM called a *Guli-Yavan* almost exactly matches one left in an Italian cave some 50,000 years ago by a Neanderthaler. The cave got sealed by a stalactitic curtain and, when broken into in 1952, these tracks were found, as fresh as if they had been made the day before, in the clay covering its floor.

The other most definite and concrete evidence we have is the scat or droppings. This constitutes a substance that cannot

be manufactured or faked. And in several cases there was no other animal known that could deposit them. Also parasites found in these droppings have been found to be odd in several respects, notably that some are known only from animals, some only from human beings, and others from nowhere previously. The same goes for certain mites taken off the scalps and other hairy bits of ABSMs examined.

This brings me to the question I know you have been hankering to ask: "Then, why hasn't anybody seen one?"

This question often crops up in newspaper accounts and articles on the subject in a rather glib form, such as: *"These creatures, never seen by a white man . . .* (etc.)" This to me is an astonishing statement because there are literally dozens of reports of all the different kinds having been seen all over the world, and by all manner of people from the humblest peasants and most primitive tribesmen to military doctors in the Soviet Army, famous British mountaineers, and even roving American scientists. In fact, there are as many cases of "sightings" on record as there are of tracks.

The whole business, indeed, was kicked off in modern times by a very definite sighting. This was made by none other than the famous explorer and mountaineer, Col. C. K. Howard-Bury, when on the first real attempt to climb Mount Everest in 1921.

On November 21 of that year the party was on the way from a place named Kharta to the famous Lhapka-la Pass when somebody spotted a number of large dark objects moving about on a high snowfield well above them and at some distance. These were observed by the whole party and through binoculars, but they were too far distant to identify. When the mountaineers reached the area on the next afternoon they found large numbers of huge tracks which they described as being "three times as big as normal footprints."

They were obviously left by some creature walking on its two hind legs, but Colonel Bury later said he thought that they had been made by "a large stray gray wolf!" The Sherpa porters disagreed, saying definitely that it had been a party of *Meh-Tehs*, and this name got garbled by an Indian telegraphist and came out as *Metoh-Kangmi*. This, an Englishman in India said, was Tibetan for "Abominable Snowman." (The expression happened to be Nepali, and the Englishman did not speak either that language or Tibetan, but let it pass.)

Actually, there had been others in that general area who had reported seeing the same or similar types of creatures. There is a gentleman by the name of Hugh Knight who is supposed to have met one face to face. It was shaggy and carried a crude bow and arrow. Then there was the famous botanist-explorer named Elwes who reported to the Zoological Society of London that he had seen one run over a ridge in 1916.

After Howard-Bury, there was a positive rash of sightings by Europeans, most notable being the case recorded by one A. N. Tombazi, a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, while on a photographic expedition to Sikkim. This gentleman observed one through field-glasses for some time; it was grubbing for roots with a stick on the other side of a valley, and later he found its footprints (which were just like those of Shipton's ABSM).

Numerous Russians have also seen ABSMs, quite apart from the one reported in the Pamirs by A. J. Pronin of Leningrad University, which caused so much excitement in 1957. I can quote but one example: that of Prof. V. K. Leontiev, chief of the Conservation Department of the Dagestan A.S.S.R., which lies between the Caucasus Mountains and the Caspian Sea.

While on a routine reconnaissance of one of the enormous game reserves in his territory, this experienced field naturalist saw one of the local ABSMs, called there a *Kaptar*, and observed it at a range of from only 50 paces until it disappeared ahead of him seven minutes later about half a mile ahead. His description is completely scientific and most detailed, and he took accurate scale drawings of the imprints it left. It was about seven feet tall, clothed in shaggy hair, had very wide, stubby feet with widely spread toes and an enormous big toe. Its head was small above the ears. It was stoop-shouldered and had a rolling, shambling gait, but when Professor Leontiev fired a shot at its feet, it waltzed about and then made off up a very steep slope with incredible speed.

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Detailed as the Russian accounts are, they are as nothing to those recorded by Mongolian scientists. Unfortunately it would be worthless repeating these because, in our lofty western manner we consider anybody living in the area east of Russia as what we choose to call "natives" and anything they, like our American Indians, Africans, and others say, we discredit. Let me therefore turn to the account of a Hollander of higher education, which was published in a scientific journal in Java.

This gentleman's name was Mienheer van Herwaarden, and the incident occurred in 1923, in an area surrounded by rivers called Poeloe Rimau, in the province of Palembang, in the island of Sumatra. Van Herwaarden had been hunting wild pigs and "gone to bush" to await their appearance at a feeding ground. Something in an isolated tree caught his notice and, going to look, he saw clinging to the trunk a creature covered with thick black fur and with a considerable mane depending from its head and running down its midback. After observing it from only a few feet he started to climb the tree but the creature immediately moved upwards. After talking soothingly to it but getting no response, he tried bolder tactics and again started climbing, but this time the creature scrambled out on to a limb that sagged with its weight and then it dropped about ten feet to the ground and started running away. Van Herwaarden raised his rifle and had it in his sights when it was still but 30 yards away but then, he says, he could not press the trigger because the thing was absolutely human but for its fur and mane—and it was a female! Its mate was by this time also calling from the nearby forest.

One further case will I think suffice to lay to rest the fatuous statement that nobody, let alone a "white man" has ever seen an ABSM. This occurred to an American long resident in Canada, named William Roe, in the year 1955, near Tete Jaune Cache in Alberta on a peak named Mica Mountain. Mr. Roe was taking a lone hunting trip, he having spent a lifetime in the wilds and being very fond of observing animals and doing a little hunting. When at a high altitude in a mixed coniferous and broad-leafed bush forest he came upon what he at first thought was a grizzly bear, at about 20 paces, feeding on berries by pulling the branches of a bush and stripping the berries with its other hand or paw. This surprised him but then the thing turned and he saw that it was a huge, humanoid female, clothed in short, thick fur. They stared at each other and he raised his rifle but, like all the others, could not press the trigger. The ABSM shambled off and, throwing its head back, gave out a strange half-yell-half-laugh. Roe followed it up and observed it on a nearby ridge; he then searched about and says that he found a place where it had slept and eaten various vegetable materials.

Combined with the numerous other reports of sightings of this type of ABSM, one has no reason to doubt this story. It is quite detailed in the original and makes a number of points that are exactly in accord with what all the others have stated. Among these are two medical doctors in California four years ago returning from an emergency late at night to a place named Redding at the head of the Sacramento Valley. Seeing what they took to be a person sitting by the roadside, they slowed down and dimmed their headlights with a view to offering a lift.

Suddenly the "thing" leaped up, took the road in two strides and crashed into the thick bush! Almost exactly the same thing was reported a year later by two hunters on the road where the first foot prints occurred in 1958, and I have literally dozens of others from all sorts of people, including a young lady, now 21, who says she met one in the morning mists a little distance from where she was camping with her parents when she was 10 years old.

So, you may well say, people all over the world *say* they have seen or encountered these creatures, but why have not they, or we, captured one? This is also a very fair question, so I will give you another reasonable answer . . . *we have.*

Such a statement, of course, calls for full documentation. Here it is, starting with the first record we have of such a capture on our own continent—and in southern British Columbia, Canada, no less; and not 100 miles from the United States border.

The particular incident occurred on the morning of July 3, 1884, on the railroad track bordering the Fraser River, near a small place called Yale, which is not 100 miles from the great city of Vancouver and only 20 from the long-inhabited shore of Harrison Lake. It may be called "The Jacko Affair." I herewith quote it in full from a Victoria, B.C. newspaper named *The Daily British Colonist.*

"Yale, B.C., July 3, 1884—In the immediate vicinity of No. 4 tunnel, situated some 20 miles above this village, are bluffs of rock which have hitherto been unsurmountable, but on Monday morning last were successfully scaled by Mr. Onderdonk's employes on the regular train from Lytton. Assisted by Mr. Costerton, the British Columbia Express Company's messenger, a number of gentlemen from Lytton and points east of that place, after considerable trouble and perilous climbing captured a creature who may truly be called half man and half beast. 'Jacko,' as the creature has been called by his capturers, is something of the gorilla type standing about 4 feet 7 inches in height and weighing 127 pounds. He has long, black, strong hair and resembles a human being with one exception, his entire body, excepting his hands (or paws) and feet are covered with glossy hair about one inch long. His fore arm is much longer than a man's fore arm, and he possesses extraordinary strength, as he will take hold of a stick and break it by wrenching or twisting it, which no man living could break in the same way. Since his capture he is very reticent, only occasionally uttering a noise which is half bark and half growl. He is, however, becoming daily more attached to his keeper, Mr. George Tetbury, of this place, who proposes shortly starting for London, England, to exhibit him. His favorite food so far is berries, and he drinks fresh milk with evident relish. By advice of Dr. Hannington, raw

"My wife and I are slowly drifting apart. Can you suggest anything to speed it up?"

meats have been withheld from Jacko, as the doctor thinks it would have a tendency to make him savage.

The mode of capture was as follows: Ned Austin, the engineer, on coming in sight of the bluff at the eastern end of the No. 4 tunnel saw what he supposed o be a man lying asleep at close proximity to the track, and, as quick as thought, blew the signal to apply the brakes. The brakes were instantly applied, and in a few seconds the train was brought to a standstill. At this moment the supposed man sprang up, and uttering a sharp quick bark began to climb the steep bluff. Conductor R. J. Craig and express messenger Costerton, followed by the baggage man and brakesmen, jumped from the train and knowing they were some 20 minutes ahead of time, immediately gave chase.

After 5 minutes of perilous climbing the then supposed demented Indian was corralled on a projecting shelf of rock where he could neither ascend nor descend. The query now was how to capture him alive, which was quickly decided by Mr. Craig, who crawled on his hands and knees until he was about 40 feet above the creature. Taking a small piece of loose rock he let it fall and it had the desired effect of rendering poor Jacko incapable of resistance for a time at least. The bell rope was then brought up and Jacko was now lowered to terra firma. After firmly binding him and placing him in the baggage car, 'off brakes' was sounded and the train started for Yale. At the station a large crowd who had heard of the capture by telephone from Spuzzum Flat were assembled, and each one anxious to have the first look at the monstrosity, but they were disappointed, as Jacko had been taken off at the machine shop and placed in charge of his present keeper.

"The question naturally arises, how came the creature where it was first seen by Mr. Austin? From bruises about its head and body, and apparent soreness since its capture, it is supposed that Jacko ventured too near the edge of the bluff, slipped, fell and lay where found until the sound of the rushing train aroused him. Mr. Thomas White, and Mr. Gouin, C.B.E., as well as Mr. Major, who kept a small store about half a mile west of the tunnel during the past 2 years, have mentioned having seen a curious creature at different points between Camps 13 and 17, but no attention was paid to their remarks as people came to the conclusion that they had either seen a bear or stray Indian dog. Who can unravel the mystery that now surrounds Jacko? Does he belong to a species hitherto unknown in this part of the continent or is he really what the train men first thought he was, a crazy Indian?"

Now, whatever you may think of the press, you cannot just simply dismiss everything reported by it that you don't believe in. Further, this report is excellent, being factual, giving names that were obviously carefully checked even to titles such as the C.B.E. of Mr. Gouin, and hardly being at all speculative. In fact, it is really a model report and one that some modern newsmen might well emulate. Then, the persons concerned

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were not a bunch of citizens with names only to identify them; they were mostly people with responsible positions who must have been widely known at that time throughout the area, for the railroad played a very important part in the opening up and development of lower British Columbia. The reporter, moreover, himself took a very common-sense view of the business when he inquired what manner of creature this might be and stated flatly that it was completely human but for being covered with silky black hair and having exceptional strength in its arms.

Unfortunately, following this excellent report the news on "Jacko" is pretty slim. The creature was held in captivity for some time, but there is no record of his ever having been examined by scientists. He was simply accepted as an odd event in a world in which odd events were happening all the time. Perhaps some part of him has been preserved and is lying in somebody's attic, or even in a museum. It's happened before.

There have been quite numerous other reports of captures, from all over the world; I have over 50 on file. None, however, is as plain as the case of poor little "Jacko"—*outside of* Russia, Mongolia and China, that is. To give these even in brief would call for a large volume, so I quote but one that has for long seemed to me to be outstandingly straightforward. This case comes from official records of the Soviet Army Medical Corps to the Special Commission appointed by the Russian Academy of Sciences to investigate ABSMery, under Professors Porshnev and Shmakov. The incident occurred in 1941, and was put on record by one Lt. Col. V. S. Karapetyan. It states, in his own words:

"From October to December of 1941 our infantry battalion was stationed some 30 kilometers from the town of Buinaksk (in the Dagestan A.S.S.R.). One day the representatives of the local authorities asked me to examine a man caught in the mountains and brought to the district center. My medical advice was needed to establish whether or not this curious creature was a disguised spy.

"I entered a shed with two members of the local authorities. When I asked why I had to examine the man in a cold shed and not a warm room, I was told that the prisoner could not be kept in a warm room. He had sweated in the house so profusely that they had had to keep him in the shed.

"I can still see the creature as it stood before me, a male, naked and barefooted. And it was doubtlessly a man because its entire shape was human. The chest, back, and shoulders, however, were covered with shaggy hair of a dark brown colour. [It is noteworthy that all the local inhabitants had black hair.] This fur of his was much like that of a bear, and 2 to 3 centimeters long. The fur was thinner and softer below the chest. His wrists were crude and sparsely covered with hair. The palms of his hands and soles of his feet were free of hair. But the hair on his head reached to his shoulders, partly covering his forehead. The hair on his head, moreover, felt very rough to the hand. He had no beard or moustache, though his face was completely covered with a light growth of hair. The hair around his mouth was also short and sparse.

"The man stood absolutely straight with his arms hanging, and his height was above the average—about 180 cm. He stood before me like a giant, his mighty chest thrust forward. His fingers were thick, strong, and exceptionally large. On the whole, he was considerably bigger than any of the local inhabitants.

"His eyes told me nothing. They were dull and empty—the eyes of an animal. And he seemed to me like an animal and nothing more.

"As I learned, he had accepted no food or drink since he was caught. He had asked for nothing and said nothing. When kept in a warm room he sweated profusely. While I was there, some water and then some food (bread) was brought up to his mouth; and someone offered him a hand, but there was no reaction. I gave the verbal conclusion that this was no disguised person, but a wild man of some kind. Then I returned to my unit and never heard of him again."

Yet I know that you will still be saying "But, why haven't we *got* one?" There are several reasons. First, the vastness and impenetrability of the areas where these comparatively rare creatures live. Secondly, the fact that for the most part being hominids, if not full men, they possess both a degree of what we call intelligence and a goodly quota of what we call animal instincts. Even primitive peoples are often uncanny in their ability to keep out of sight and their senses are unbelievably acute. All of this renders even a chance encounter quite unlikely.

But the main reason is that up until fairly recently we have never gone about the problem of finding one with much knowledge or common sense. We have looked for them in the wrong places, and we have gone about it in the wrong way. We are now, I hope, going about it in the right way, and I have every reason to believe that we will be successful. I, for one, am looking forward with a good deal of pleasure to seeing what the "experts" have to say when they come face-to-face with one of the thousands of "Abominable Snowmen" which are living today on our mysterious planet.

—Ivan T. Sanderson